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N: 2.

5th EDITION.

MALROONY'S ROUT.

AND

THE KEBBUCKSTON WEDDING.

TWO COMIC SONGS.

WITH NEW MUSIC.

As sung at the principal London Theatres.

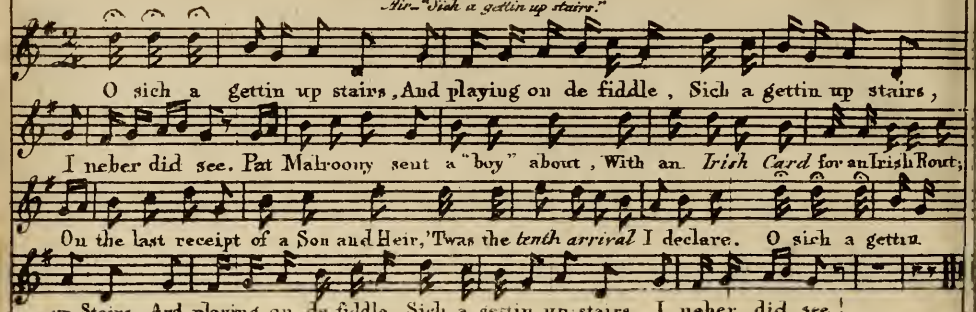
LONDON.

Published at the Music Saloon, 7, North St.

SOLD BY R.W. HUME, LEITH.

MALROONY'S ROUT.

Air—"Sich a gettin up stairs."



Pat's hedication had been scant, What learning could Malroony want?
He could twirl the "twig in an *"Agitation"*, 'Twas the Priest's affair — the hedication!
A flash of the Shillela is the thing, About you — Foes or friends to bring;
Pat sent round his — his friends t' invite, And would be glad to see them at ½ past 8,
O sich a gettin &c.

He lived in Dublin the first floor down The chimley — and five flats from the ground:
The *main* entrance to his donjon keep, Was the ladder he used in his "Sweep, ho! sweep!"
Pat saw this *"Retreat"* while *pursuing* his profession And *purchased* the right by *taking* possession.
The inmates, the rats, he murther'd all, Both young and old, and great and small.
And such a gettin &c.

The gas that lights the regions below, Was never needed as I shall show;
Through the holes in the roof the Sun-light came, And at night the Moon she did the same.
And sich a gettin &c.

The Company came in twos and threes, Till the place was like a hive of bees;
Of the guests I am sorry I've lost the list, But the Moder they blessed, and the child they kist;
And the *"DROP"* went round! and round!! and round!!! and *back again* till it ran aground,
And droned the Pipe, and screech'd the fiddle, 'Ib *"Down the back"* and *"Up the middle"*.
And sich a gettin &c

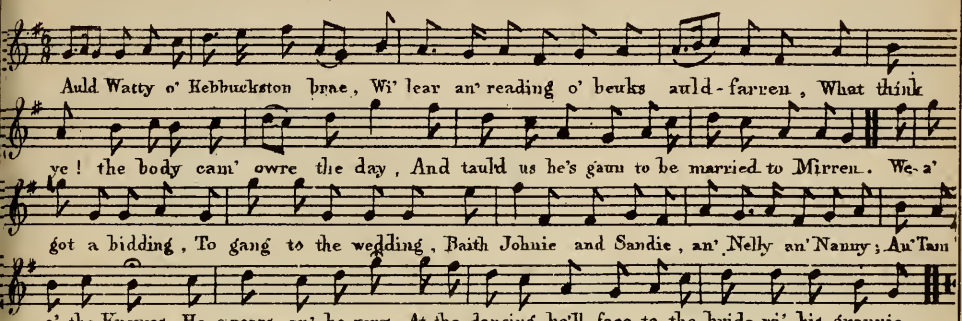
But the longest day will pass away, And the deepest well run dry they say:
The Poteen was out and every one dry, And the music refused its melody.
So lots they agreed to cast to see, Who should "raise the wind" and the "Mercury"—
Faith I can't tell why, and I can't how, But the lot it fell on the old brood Sow.
And there was sich a gettin &c.

Now "time and tide will no man bide", And Grunty's *time* was come they said;
But the stair was steep, and history shows, That a sow wont *never* follow its nose:
So they tied the ropes her round about, With an old grey shawl around her snout.
And out of the window they slung her high, On her road to her *"Uncles"* Barnaby
O sich a gettin &c.

There's much between the snout and trough, And this was the case here sure enough;
For 5 or 6 Paddies being out on the fly, Boned the pig as came from the sky;
Who ere "saw a well brim full of ale"? Or a "peacock with a fiery tail?"
Or Irish Rout without a Row? Here was a riglar one any how.!
O sich a gettin &c.

And the new Police with much ado, Nabbed Pat, and the pig, and 12 of the crew;
And locked them up — broken heads and noses, As they had got from Shillela blows-es.
Next day at 10 the Magistrate, Wid his yellow face and powdered pate,
Sent Pat and Peter, and Barney and Bill, For 3 month's time to the new Tread Mill.
And there was sich a gettin &c.

THE KEBBUCKSTON WEDDING.



A' the lads hae trysted their joes, Slee Willy cam' up an' ca'd on Nelly,
Altho' she was hecht to Geordie Bowse, She's gi'en him the gunk an' she's gaun wi' Willy.
Wee collier Johnie Has yocket his pony, And's aff to the town for a lading o' nappy,
Wi' fouth o' good meat, To serve us to eat, Sae wi' fuddling an' feasting we'll a' be fu' happy.

Wee Patie Brydie's to say the grace, The body's aye ready at dredgies an' weddings,
An' Flunkie M'Fee o' the Skiverton place, Is chosen to scuttle the pies and the puddings.
For there'll be plenty, O' ilka thing daintie,
Baith long kail an' haggis, an' ev'ry thing fitting,
Wi' luggies o' beer, Our wizzens to clear,
Sae the de'il fill his kyte wha gaes dung frae the Meeting.

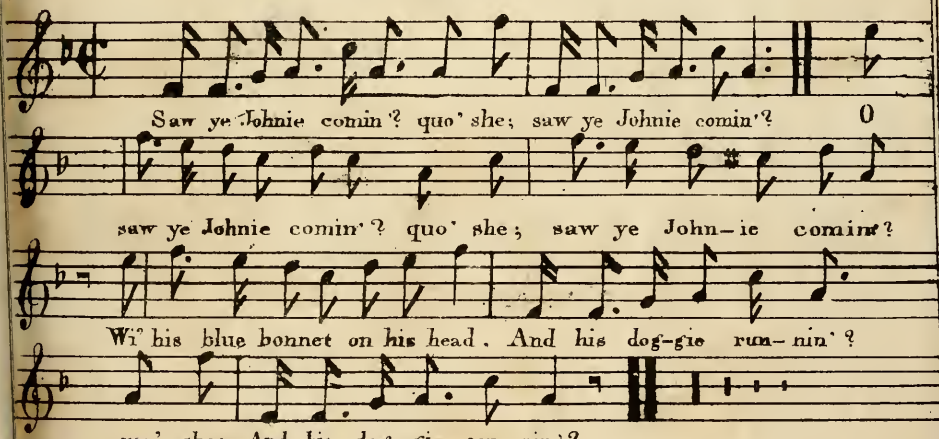
Lowrie has caft Gibbie Cameron's gun, That his auld gutcher bore, when he followd Prince [Charlie,
The barrel was roustet as black as the grun, But he's taen't to the smiddy and's fettl'd it rarely.
Wi' wallets o' pouther, His musket he'll shouther,
An' ride at our head, to the bride's a parading.
In ilka farm town, He'll fire them three roun',
Till the hale kintra ring wi' the Kebbuckston Wedding.

Jamie and Johnie maun ride the brouse, For few like them can sit in the saddle;
And Willy Cobreath, the best o' bows, Is trysted to jig in the barn wi' his fiddle.
Wi' whisking an' flisking, An' reeling an' wheeling,
The young anes are like to loup out o' the body,
An' Neelie M'Nairn, Tho' sair forfairn,
He rows that he'll wallop twa sets wi' the howdie.

Sauney M'Nab wi' his tartan trews, Has hecht to come down in the midst o' the caper,
An' gie us three wallops o' merry shantrews, Wi' the true Highland fling o' Macrimmon the piper.
Sic hipping an' skipping, An' springing an' flinging,
Ise wad that there nane in the Lallands can waff it!
An' Willy maun fiddle, An' jirgun and diddle,
An' screed till the sweat fa' in beads frae his haffet.

Then gie me your hand, my trusty good frien', An' gie me your word, my worthy auld kimmer,
Ye'll baith come owre on Friday bedeen, An' join us in rauting an' tooming the timmer.
Wi' fouth o' good liquor, We'll haud at the bicker,
An' lang may the mailing of Kebbuckston flourish,
For Watty's sae free, Between you an' me,
I'se warrant he's bidden the half o' the parish.

SAW YE JOHNIE COMIN'.

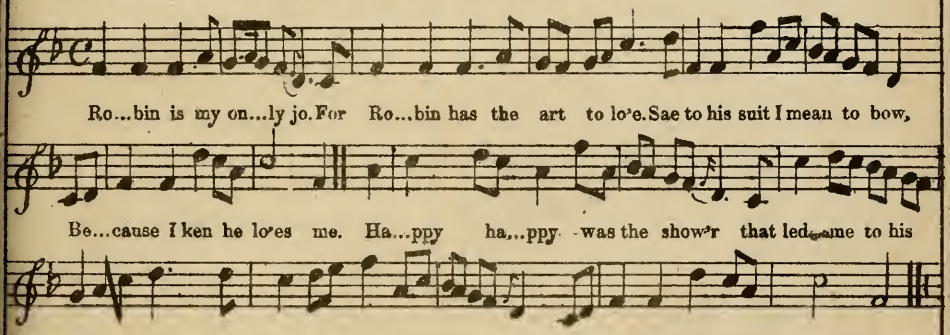


Fee him, father, fee him, quo' she;
Fee him, father, fee him,
For he is a gallant lad,
And a weel doin';
And a' the work abour the house
Gaes wi' me when I see him, quo' she,
Wi me when I see him.

What will I do wi' him hussey?
What will I do wi' him
He's ne'er a sark upon his back,
And I hae nane to gie him.
I hae twa sarks into my kist,
And ane o' them I'll gie him;
And for a merk of mair fee,
Dinna stand wi' him quo' she;
Dinna stand wi him.

For weel do I lo'e him. quo' she,
Weel do I lo'e him
O fee him, father, fee him, quo' she;
Fee him, father, fee him;
He'll had the pleugh, thrash in the barn,
And crack wi' me at e'en. quo' she,
Crack wi' me at e'en.

KIND ROBIN LO'ES ME.



They speak of napkins, speak of rings,
Speak of gloves and kissing strings,
And name a thousand bonny things,
And ca' them signs he lo'es me;
But I'd prefer a smack o Rob,
When seated on the velvet fog,
To gifts as langs a plaiden wab,
Because I ken he loes me.

But little kens she what has been,
Me and my honest Rob between,
And in his wooing, Oh! sae keen,
Kind Robin is that lo' es me.
Then fly ye lazy hours away,
And hasten on the happy day,
When 'Join your hands' Mess John shall say,
And mak him mine that lo' es me.

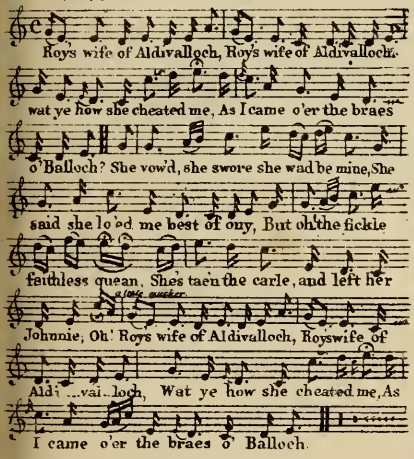
He's tall and sonsie, frank and free,
LOE'D bu a' and dear to me,
Wi'him I'd live, Wi' him I'd die,
Because my Robin lo'es me,
MY Titty MARY said to me,
Our courtship but a joke wad be,
And I, ere lang, be made to see,
That Robin did na, lo'e me.

Till then let every chance unite,
To fix our love and give delight,
And I'll look down on such wi'spite,
Wha doubt that Robin lo'es me.
O HEY ROBIN quo'she,
O HEY ROBIN quo' she,
O HEY ROBIN quo' she,
KIND ROBIN, lo'es, me.

THE LYRE.

No. 36

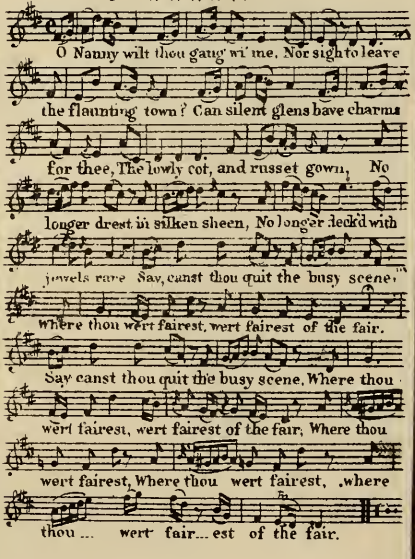
ROYS WIFE OF ALDIVALLOCH.



O she was a canty quean,
And weel could dance the Highland walloch,
How happy I, had she been mine,
Or I'd been Roy of Aldivalloch!
Oh! Roy's wife &c.

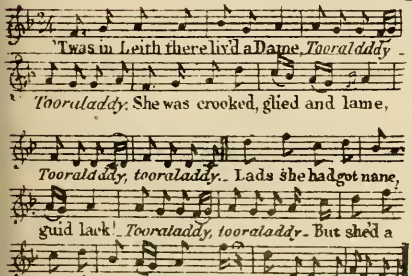
Her hair sae fair, her een sae clear,
Her wee-bit mou', sae sweet an' bonnie;
To me she ever will be dear,
Tho' she's for ever left her Johnnie.
Oh! Roy's wife &c.

O NANNY.



O Nanny, when thou'rt far away,
Wilt thou not cast a look behind?
Say, canst thou face the parching ray,
Nor shrink before the wintry wind?
O can that soft and gentle mien,
Severest hardships learn to bear,
Nor sad regret each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair,
Where thou wert fairest, &c.

Published daily and Sold Wholesale & retail by R. W. Hume, Bookseller, Leith.
Price One Halfpenny.



She had siller — I had nane —
Tooraladdy. tooraladdy,
Sae to court her I was fain
Singing *Tooraladdy, tooraladdy.*
But a muckle flesher loon,
Singing *Tooraladdy — tooraladdy,*
Play'd the lass a bonnier tune,
Tooraladdy — tooraladdy.

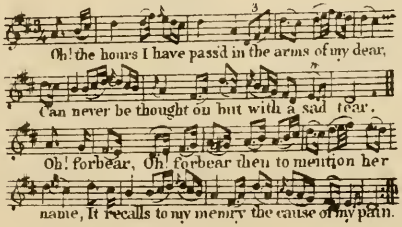
Speeches braw till her he'd make,
Tooraladdy, tooraladdy —
Swore his carcase was at steake —
Tooraladdy, tooraladdy,
He vow'd he loed his bonnie chuck,
Tooraladdy, tooraladdy
Wi' a' his heart, an' a' his pluck,
Tooraladdy — tooraladdy.

TOORALADDY CONTINUED

I gaed a courting ae weet night,
Tooraladdy, tooraladdy,
And to the skin got ducked outright —
Shivers & shakes. *Too oo oo ra lad dy! too oo oo ra lad dy!*
There I found the faithless she —
Sobs. *Too hu hu ra lad dy too hu hu hu ra la d dy —*
Frying sausages — for he ee — ee! —
Cries *Too hoo hoo hoo hoo ra a a laddy — tooraladdy —*

Says I — Ae last kind word before we part.
Tooraladdy, tooraladdy —
Ye've brake a bonnie laddies heart —
Ugh! tooraladdy — tooraladdy!
But these words I'd scarcely said.
Tooraladdy, tooraladdy —
When wi' the frying-pan she brak my head —
Oh! tooraladdy, tooraladdy.

COOLUN.



How often to love me she fondly has sworn.
And when parted from me would neer cease to mourn;
All hardships for me she would cheerfully bear,
And at night on my bosom forget all her care.

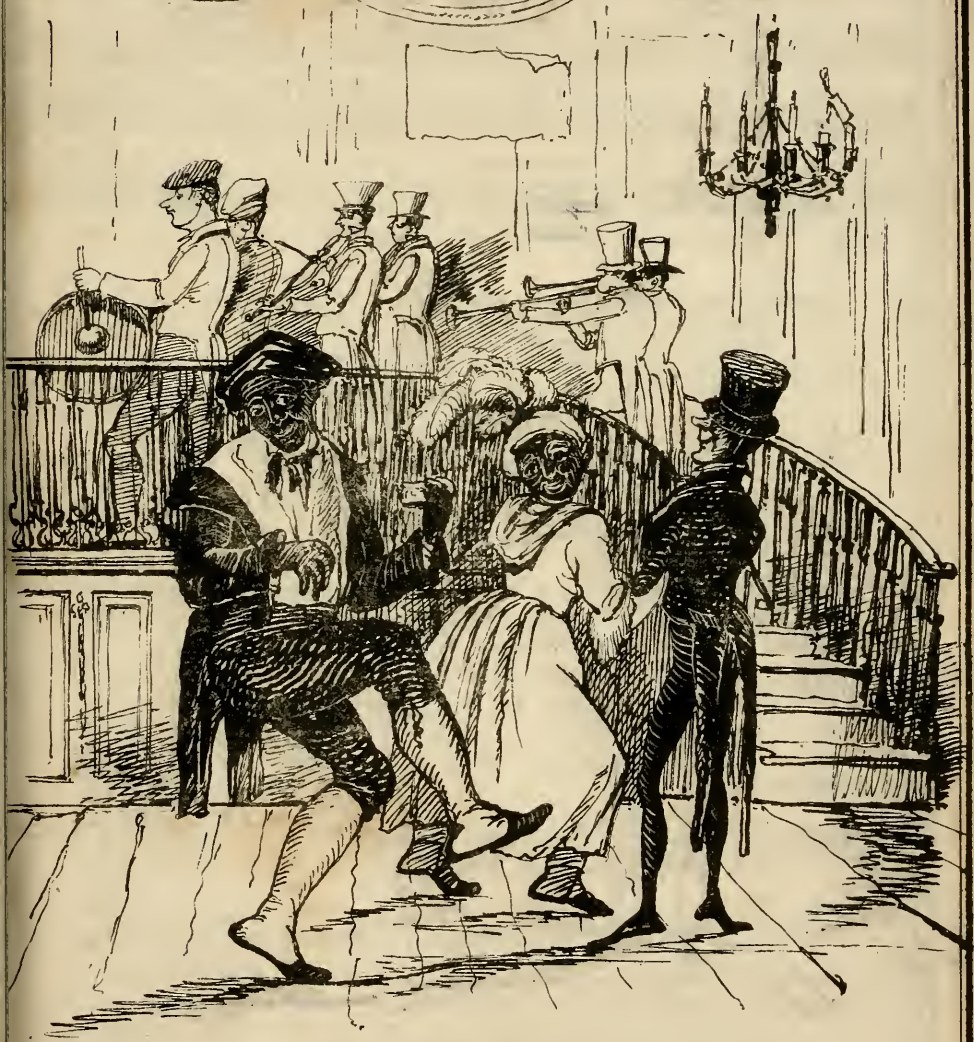
3

To some distant climate together well roam,
And forget all the hardships we meet with at home;
Fate now be propitious, and grant me thine aid,
Give me my Pastora, and I'm more than repaid.

Publishing daily
by A. M. Hume
Leith.

SICH A GETTIN UP STAIRS.

WITH MUSIC.



AS SUNG BY

Mr. T. D. RICE,

The Original Jim Crow.

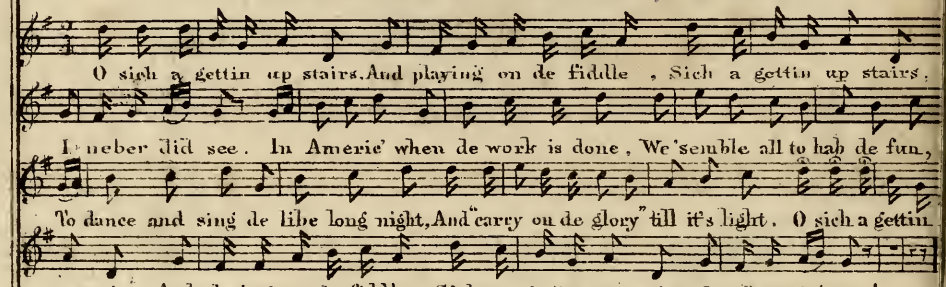
Published by R. W. Hume, Leith. Price One Penny.

Dear Sir, Here you have a batch of Jim Crow's effusions; & any other song I sing you are perfectly welcome to copy also. Yours very truly,

Thos D Rice

To Mr R. W. Hume, Leith.

SICH A GETTIN UP STAIRS.



Jibaboo, Jababoo, Jinken Jum, sent cards of 'vitation all to come,
For a Jiggery fancy ball, To be held in him noble Hall.
And sich &c.

Dis Hall was six feet round and round, and 60 feet above de ground;
Altho' de rafters, to be sure, Were only 4 feet from de floor.
And sich &c.

De walls were hung wid trophies rare, de hoe for de cotton row was dere;
De pipe and de 'baccor pouch did grace, an ol' gun stock o'er de chimley brace.
And sich &c.

For light, three Candle, wid dem toe, stuck each in half a potatoe;
De Music was Jerry Scratchem's feeddle, wid two strings - de bass and treble.
Sich &c.

Debil Dick wid him Pand'monium pipe, play'd, you neber heard de like!
And Iron Samson, de man ob mettle, Beat de drum on de bottom ob de kettle.
Sich &c.

Dere came Miss Diana from de South, like a suga' Hogshead was her mouth;
Her nose and her toes about so fly, she snuff de east wind and black my eye.
Sich &c.

Appollo Rollo from "down east", Wid a *Squatter*-loo medal on him breast;
Him Spanish Pumps wid de toes behind, wheel'd like ol' Nick on de whirlwind.
Sich &c.

Dere was ol' Jim Brown wid him Mackintosh, and hair as stiff as a blacken brosh;
In him Soldier's Coat he look so gran', he'd a watch as big as a fryin' pan.
Sich &c.

Jinkum Jum to show his breedin', waltzed a hornpipe wid mam'-sell Freedom.
So match'd de pair, as if hatch'd dey were, from de eggs ob de Ostrich and *Yellow-hammer*.
Sich &c.

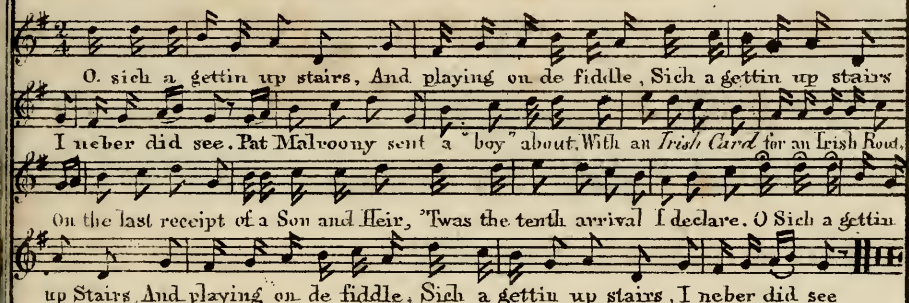
O 'twas truly a glorious sight to see, such a *fair* and a famous *Gombany*,
And when de supper on de table stood, de sight would hab done a dead man good.
Sich &c.

Dere yam was roast, and *Rice* was boil'd, And dere was a snout ob de ol' sow's child,
Cat-hash at one corner, at tother frog-fry, wid 2 gooseberry tarts, and 1 *Crow*-pye.
Sich &c.

Den de Rum flew round about de room, & down deir sable troats like de great monstroom.
Till it put de metal in deir heels, and like whirlpools round de Hall dey reels.
Sich &c.

But I need not tell of de grand sea-quel, or what on dat mornin' dere befel;
Had you call'd at de Police cells to be sure, you'd see 30 debils asleep on de floor!!
O Sich &c.

MALROONY'S ROUT.



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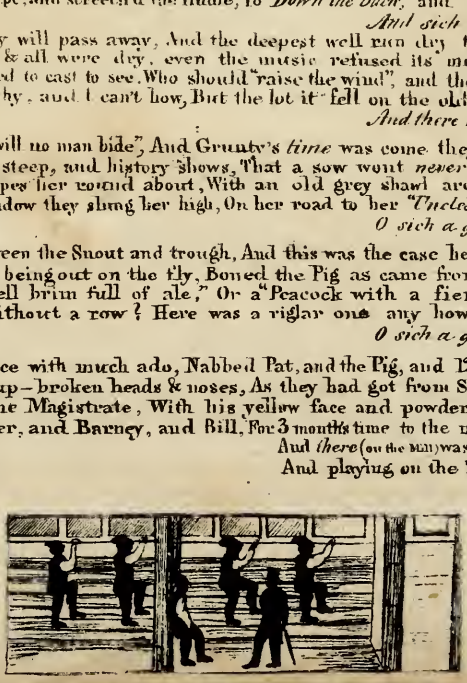
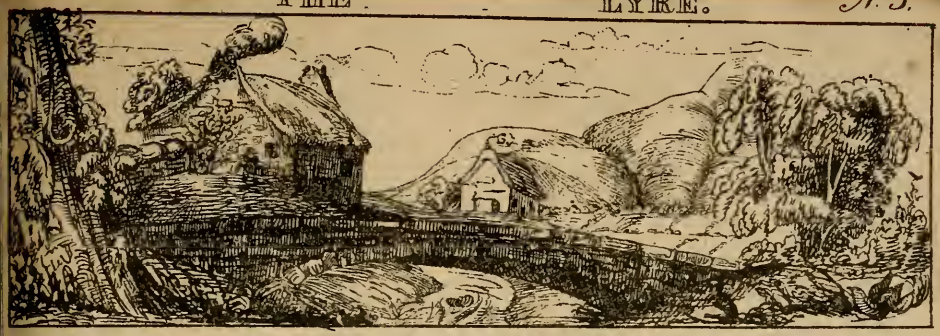
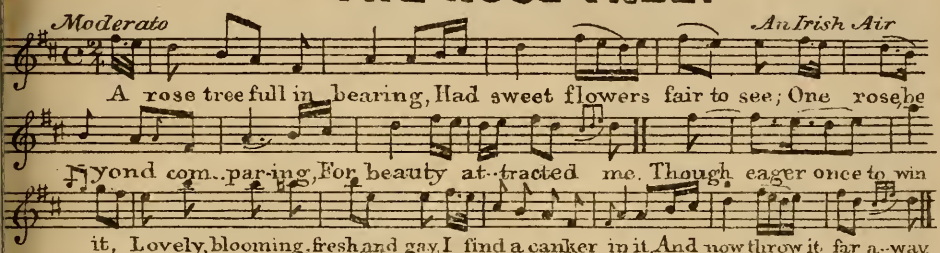
Next day at 10 the Magistrate, With his yellow face and powdered pate,
Sent Pat, and Peter, and Barney, and Bill, For 3 months time to the new Tread Mill.
And *there* (on the May) was sich a getting &c.
And playing on the Treaddles &c.





THE ROSE TREE.



How fine this morning early,
All sunshiny, clear, and bright,
So late I lov'd you dearly,
Though lost now each fond delight.

The clouds seem big with showers,
Sunny beams no more are seen;
Farewell, ye happy hours!
Your falsehood has chang'd the scene.

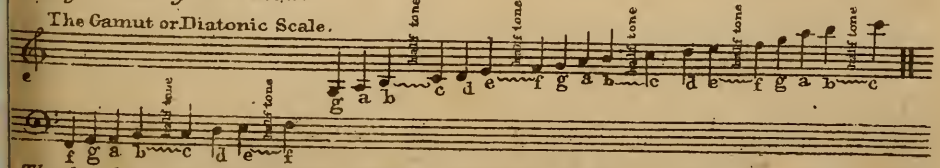
The Editor of this very moderately priced Miscellany, impressed with the Importance of Music as a portion of the National Education is wishful to add his humble endeavours towards the diffusion of the Science among those Classes to whom Music generally from its Size & Price is rather inaccessible. With this View has this work been undertaken, and during the progress of its publication there will be given Concise, but explicative Instructions in Singing; such as, it is hoped, will go far to introduce the science and the "Halfpenny Lyre" together, to every fireside in the Kingdom.

INSTRUCTIONS in SINGING.

The Pupils should at first be taught to sing a few Simple Melodies. The Gamut is tiresome and the Thirds, Fifths & Octaves in it, render it difficult for beginners. Children should begin in the Nursery with such lively tunes as "Brose & Butter," "Oer the water to Charlie," "The Highland Laddie" and such like, having appropriate words adapted to the Capacity of the Children. They must be taught that most essential part of music Viz. "Keeping time" by clapping with the hands. Among older Pupils, the Motion of the Master's hand descending at the first note after each bar will be sufficient.

After the age of Seven years, Children may be taught Notation; that is, the Rules of the Science, and names and uses of notes and other Signs. The Teacher draws on a large board, Staves, Cleffs, Minims, Crotchets &c; naming them and describing their uses; then Sings the Notes, causing his Pupils to follow him; again exercises them as to their Knowledge of the Signs, and causes them to sing the notes by themselves.

The Gamut or Diatonic Scale.

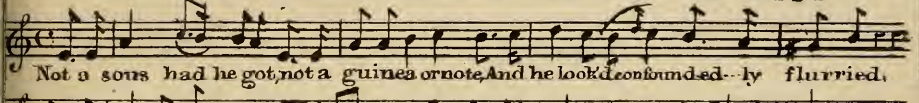


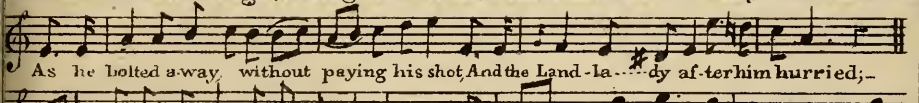
The above Gamut contains all the notes within the compass of the Human Voice. The notes which form

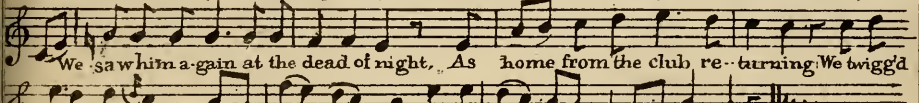
Continued in No 4.

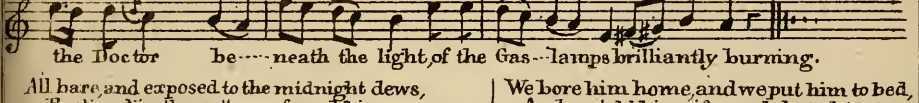
Published daily and Sold Wholesale & retail by R. W. Hume, Bookseller, Leith.
Price One Halfpenny.

THEY LEFT HIM ALONE IN HIS GLORY.









All bare, and exposed to the midnight dews,
Reclined in the gutter we found him,
And he look'd like a gentleman taking a snoose,
With his *Marshall* cloak around him.
The Doctor's as drunk as the devil, we said
And we managed a shutter to borrow,
We raised him, and sigh'd at the thought, that his head,
Would dreadfully ache on the morrow.

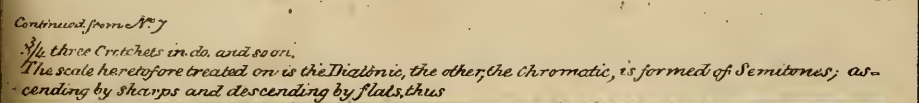
We bore him home, and we put him to bed,
And we told his wife, and daughter,
To give him, next morning, a couple of red-
Herrings with soda-water.
Loudly they talk'd of his money that's gone,
And his Lady began to upbraid him;
But little he reck'd—so they let him snore on,
'Neath the couterpane just as we laid him.

We tuck'd him in, and had hardly done,
When, beneath the window calling,
We heard the rough voice of a son of a Gunn,
Of a watchman, "one o'clock" bawling.
Slowly and sadly we all walk'd down,
From his room in the uppermost storey;
A rush light we placed on the cold hearth-stone,
And we left him alone in his glory.

Continued from No. 7

The three Crotchets in do, and so on.

The scale heretofore treated on is the Diatonic, the other, the Chromatic, is formed of Semitones; ascending by sharps and descending by flats, thus

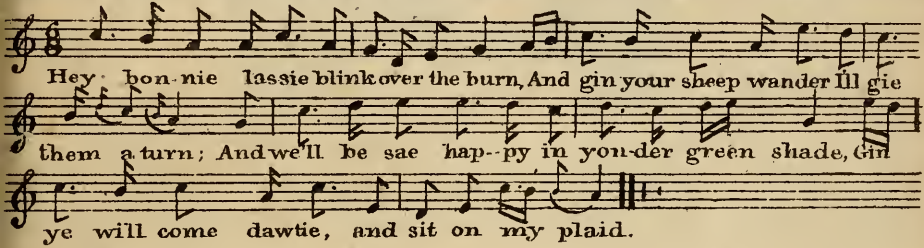


This includes every flat & sharp in music, and enables the Student to comprehend the nature of the Keys. Great attention must be paid to this Subject, for upon a right conception of the places of the Semitones in the scale depends the doctrine of Melody. If the third note above the last note of the bass contains 4 Semitones including the note counted from, 'tis a minor, if 5 semitones, a Major Key. Write & Practice lessons containing irregular intervals rising and falling thirds, fifths, sixths &c.

The foregoing is deemed a useful and tolerably clear summary of that portion of music termed Melody. The Science will be further treated on in course of the Series. Meantime enough has been said to enable the Student to acquire a knowledge of Singing, and with the highest wishes for the preference of the Science, and best thanks for the increasing Patronage bestowed on the "Halfpenny Lyre," The Editor here closes the Instructions (which have run through 6 numbers) and proceeds in the daily publication of the Songs.—

Printed by D. W. Hume, Cockburn Street, Leith

HEY BONNIE LASSIE BLINK OVER THE BURN

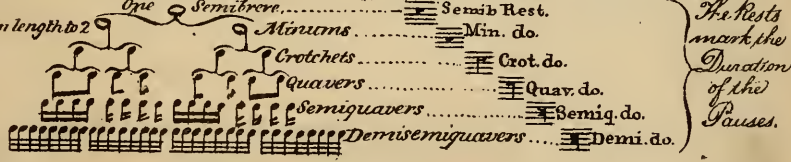


I hae a wee doggie that rins at my heel
And that little doggie I lo'e unco weel;
But I'll gie't to my lassie and mair gin I had,
If she'll be my dawtie, and sit on my plaid.

Twa ewes and a lammie are a' my wee flock,
Yet I'd sell a lammie out o' my sma' stock,
And buy thee a head-lace, sae bonny & braid,
Gin ye wou'd come, dawtie, and sit on my plaid.

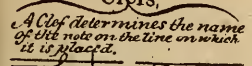
Instructions Continued from No. 4.

Notes and their relative proportions and rests &c.



Clefs,

A Clef determines the name of the note on the line on which it is placed.



The G or Treble Cleff. The F or Bass Cleff.

Bars,

Space between the Bar called a Measure, Double Bars denote the end of the Tune.

Single Bar. Double Bars.

'Repeats' indicate that the Passage is to be repeated.

Triplets signify that 3 quavers are played in the time of 2.

A dot after a note makes it half its own length longer.

The Hold shows that the note is to be held longer than usual.

The Slur shows that the Voice must run the notes into each other.

The Sharp raises the note half a tone. F. Sharp.

The flat depresses it the note half a tone. B. flat.

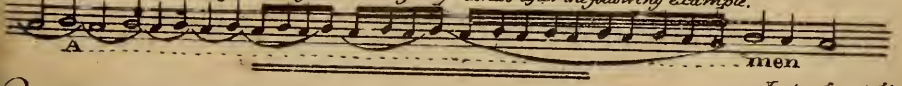
The Natural restores the Note. F natural.

Shake sign shews that the note is sung short.

Appogiatura or Grace notes.

"Da Capo" means repeat from the beginning to the end. ‖: Repeat these some words. "Por Piano" means to play the part softly. "F." or "Forte" to play the passage loudly. > Indicates that the voice should gradually diminish. < that it should be increased.

The shake tr. To learn the shake it is simply necessary to begin to sing the two notes forming the shake at first very slowly, the voice gradually increasing in quickness after the following example.



Instruc. contin.d. No. 6.

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The LYRE.

On Fasten-een we had a
rockin',
To ca' the crack, an' weave
our stockin';
And there was mickle fun
and jokin',
Ye needna doubt.
At length we had a hearty
yokin',
At sang about.

Gie me ae spark o' Nature's
fire,
That's a' the learning I desire;
Then tho' I drudge thro' dub
and mire
At plough or cart,
My muse, tho' hamely in
attire
May touch the heart.

Illustration of Burns Epistle to J. Lapraik.

No. 67.

There was ae sang amang
the rest,
Aboon them a' it pleased
me best,
That some kind husband
had address'd
To some sweet wife;
It thrill'd the heart-strings
thro' the breast,
A' to the life.

O for a spunk o' Allan's glee,
Or Ferguson's, the bauld and
slee,
Or bright Lapraik's, my
friend to be,
If I can hit it!
That would be lear eneugh
for me!
If I could get it.

Air. Miss Forbes's Farewell to Banff.

I GAED A WAEFU' GATE YESTREEN.

Words by Burns.

I gaed a waefu' gate, yestreen, A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue; I gat my death
fra twa sweet een, Twa lovely een o' bonnie blue. 'Twas not her golden ringlets bright;
Her lips, like roses wat wi' dew; Her heaving bosom, lily-white;—It was her een sae bonnie blue.

2nd Verse.

She talk'd, she smiled, my heart she wiled,
She charmed my soul I wist na how;
And ay the stound, the deadly wound,
Cam frae her een sae bonnie blue.
But spare to speak, and spare to speed,
She'll aiblins listen to my vow:
Should she refuse, I'll lay me dead
To her twa een sae bonnie blue.

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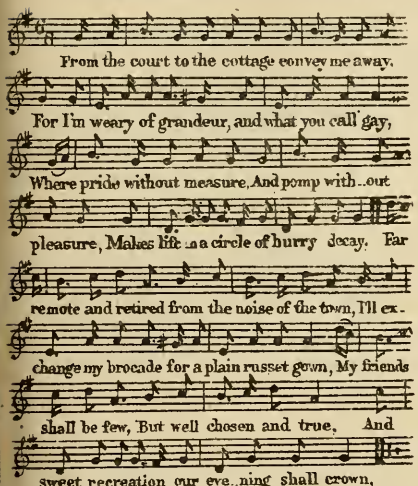
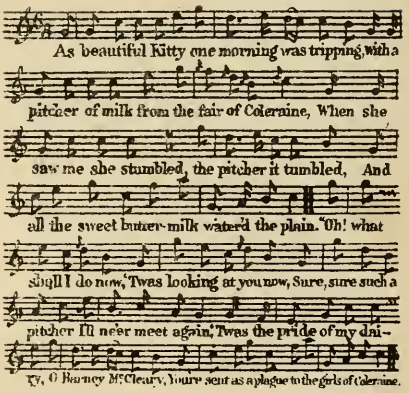
FROM THE COURT TO THE COTTAGE.



With a rural repast, a rich banquet for me,
On a mossy green turf, near some shady old tree,
The rivers clear brink,
Shall afford me my drink,
And temprance my friendly physician shall be;
Ever calm and serene, with contentment still blest,
Not too giddy with joy, or with sorrow deprest,
I'll neither invoke
Nor repine at death's stroke,
But retire from the world as I would to my rest.

KITTY OF COLERAINE.



I sat down beside her, and gently did chide her,
That such a misfortune should give her such pain;
A kiss then I gave her, before I did leave her,
She vow'd for such pleasure she'd break it again.
'Twas hay-making season, I can't tell the reason,
Misfortunes will never come single, 'tis plain,
For very soon after poor kitty's disaster,
The devil a pitcher was whole in Coleraine.

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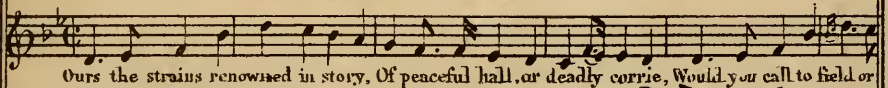
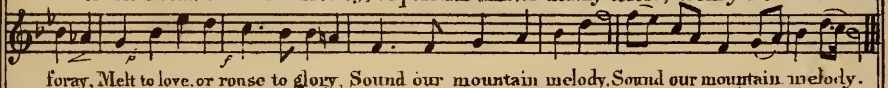
Words by J. Bayne Esq. *Music by R. Tevendale.*

OURS THE STRAINS RENOWNED IN STORY.





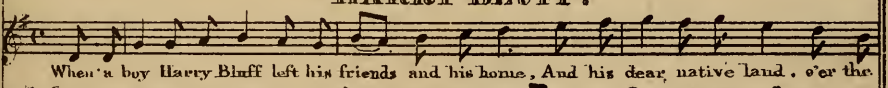
Where the gale of love is blowing,
Health, and mirth, and bliss bestowing,
Where the cup of joy is flowing,
Eyes are bright, and hearts are glowing,
Pours the pipe its thrilling lay.

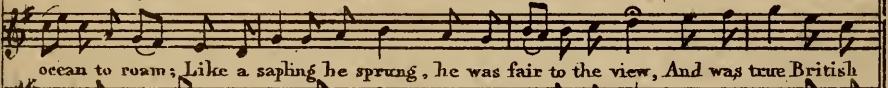
Who can hear its strain of woe,
For friend deceased, or fallen foe,
And see the mourners as they go,
To its wild notes, sad and slow,
And melt not at its melody?

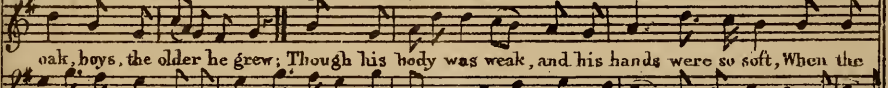
And in the day of doubt and dread.
When bursts the battle o'er their head,
How strong the hand and firm the tread,
Of Albyn's sons, o'er fields of dead,
When cheer'd by its wild warlike cry.

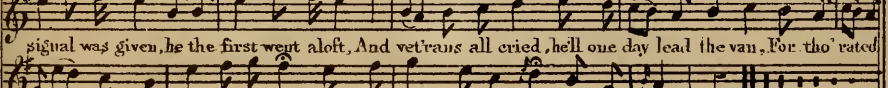
Oh these the strains renown'd in story,
Of halls of joy, or deadly corrie,
Would you call to field or foray,
Melt to love, or rouse to glory,—
Sound our mountain melody.

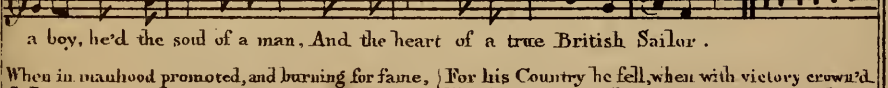
HARRY BLUFF.











When in manhood promoted, and burning for fame,
Still in peace, or in war, Harry Bluff was the same,
So true to his love, and in battle so brave,
The myrtle and laurel entwine round his grave;

For his Country he fell, when with victory crown'd,
The flag shot away, hung in tatters around,
The foe thought he'd struck—but he sung out "*avast!*"
And the colours of Old England he nail'd to the mast,
And he died like a true British Sailor.

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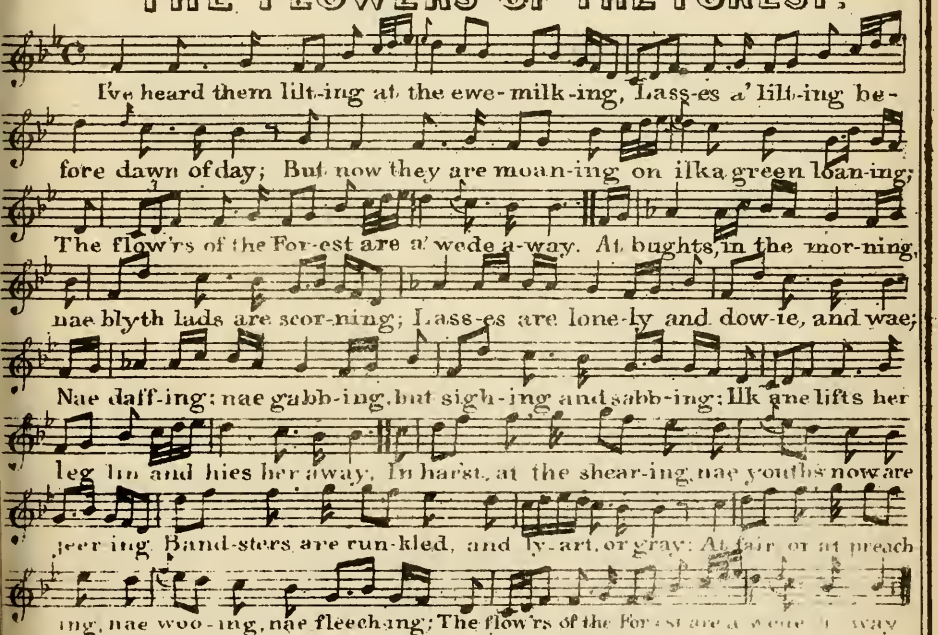
The authors of the "Penny Post Bag," *and* "Deacon Draff," *will observe that we have published their Songs.*

THE HALFPENNY LYRE.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.



At e'en, in the gloaming, nae younkers are roaming,
'Bout stacks, with the lasses at bogle to play:
But ilk maid sits dreary, lamenting her deary.
The flowers of the Forest are weded away.

Dool and wae for the order, sent our lads to the border:
The English for ance by guile wan the day:
The flowers of the Forest, that fought aye the foremost,
The prime of our land are cauld in the clay.

We'll hea nae mair lilting at the ewe milking,
Women and bairns are heartless and wae:
Sighing and moaning, on ilka green loaning—
The flowers of the Forest are a'wede away.

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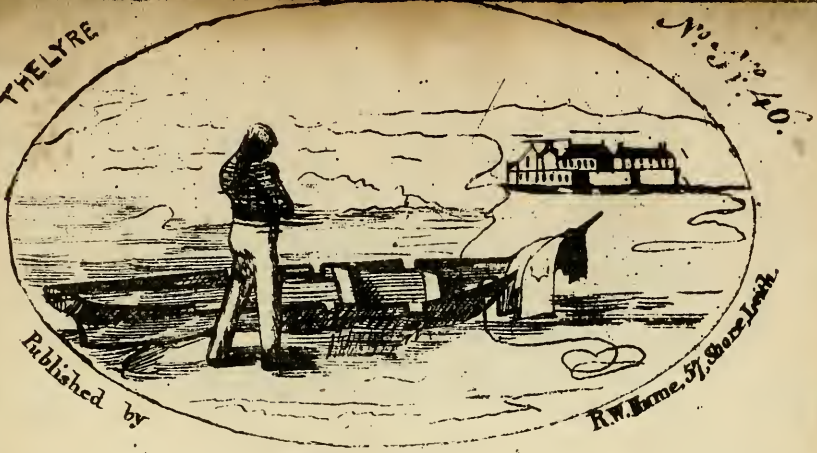
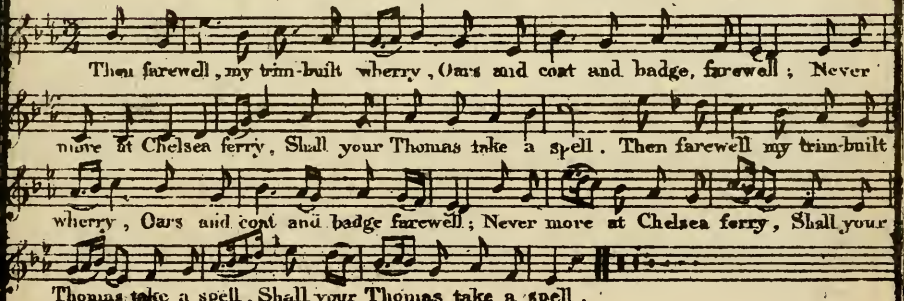


TOM TUG.

Tom took the pet—and off he set, on board a Ship of war,
He'd been a man of water long, and now he'd try the tar.
So left his boat and oars to rot, all on the muddy shore,
And on a scull the coat he flung his honoured badge that bore;
And then he sung, with faltering tongue, the song that's writ below,
While down his cheeks in various streaks, the tears incessant flow;
Till the cows and calves on Chelsea heath, responded to his wail,
And for a handkerchief he took the corner of a sail!—

MY TRIM-BUILT WHERRY.

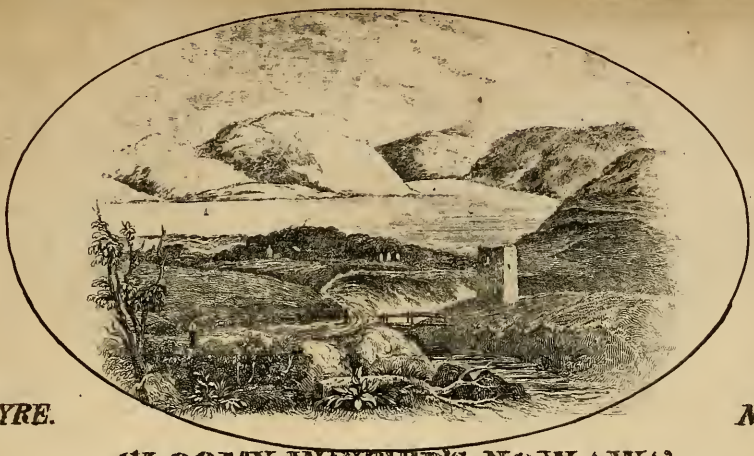


2.

But to hope and peace a stranger,
In the battle's heat I go;
Where, exposed to every danger,
Some friendly ball shall lay me low;

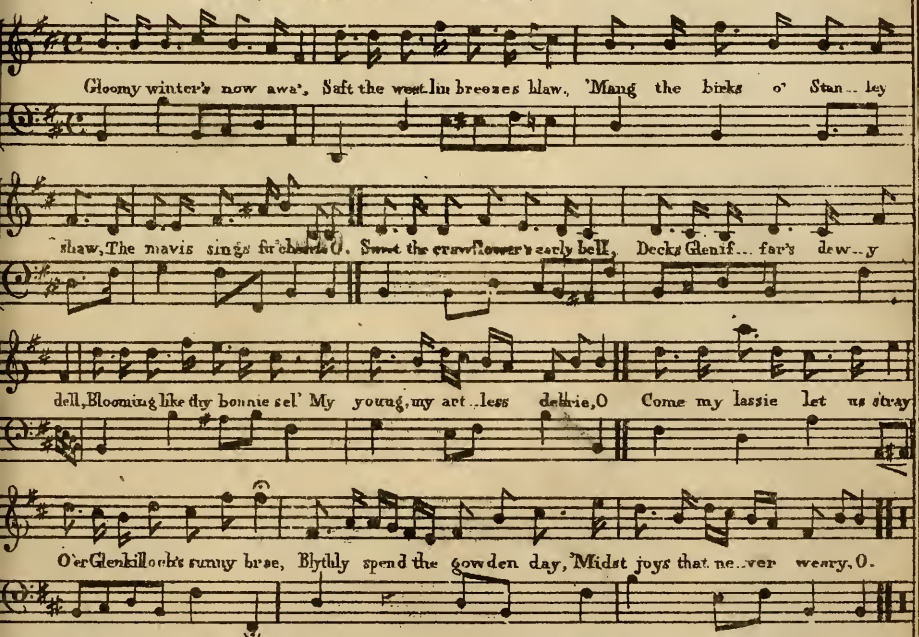
3.

Then, mayhap, when homeward steering,
With the news my messmates come;
Even you, my story hearing,
With a sigh may cry—"poor Tom"!



The LYRE. *N°53.*

GLOOMY WINTER'S NOW AWA'.



Tow'ring o'er the Newton woods,
Lavrocks fan the snaw white clouds,
Siller saughs wi' flewy buds,
Affown the banks sae bruery O:
Round the sylvan fairy nooks,
Feathery breckans fringe the rocks,
'Neath the brae the burnie jouks,
And ilka thing looks cheerie O.
Trees may bud, and birds may sing,
Flowers may bloom and verdure spring,
Joy to me they canna bring,
Unless wi' thee my dearie O.

The Lyre has been progressively fulfilling its mission, Viz. Causing a taste for music among the lower Classes and carrying many of the best of the Lyrics of the three Nations, with their beautiful melodies, to the fireides of the most humble Cottagers.

While speaking of the success of the Lyre in the line of usefulness originally contemplated, we must also awaard the meed of praise due to the other Classes of Society's, many of these having supported this ration, both for Schools and their own families. To ALL, the Publisher offers his best thanks

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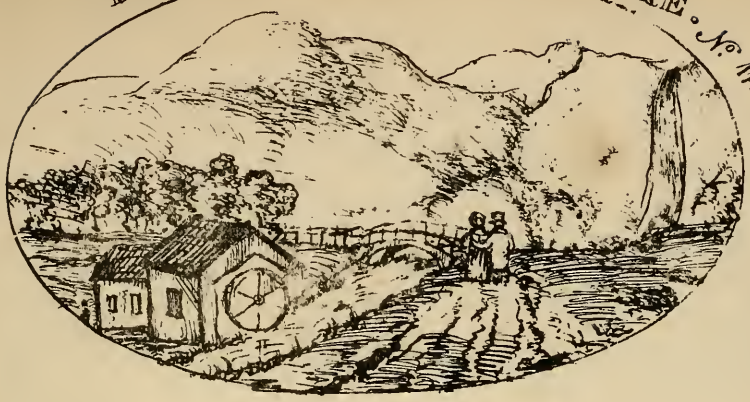
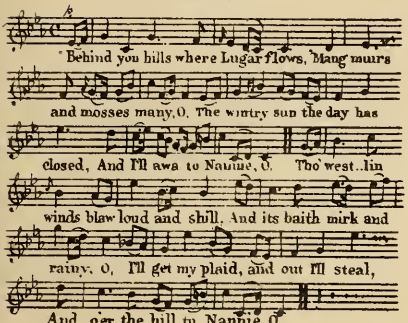


MY NANNIE, O.



My Nannie's charming, sweet and young,
Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O,
May ill befa' the flattering tongue
That wad beguile my Nannie, O.

MY NANNIE, O. CONTINUED.

Her face is fair, her heart is true,
As spotless as she bonnie, O.
The op'ning gowan, wet wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nannie, O.

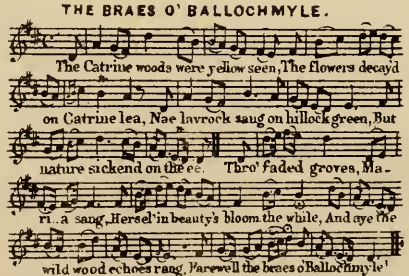
A country lad is my degree,
And few there be that ken me, O,
But what care I how few they be,
I'm welcome aye to Nannie, O.

My riches a's my penny fee,
And I maun guide it canuie, O,
But warld's gear ne'er troubles me,
My thoughts are a' my Nannie, O.

Our auldguidman delights to see
His sheep and kye thrive bonnie, O.
But I'm as blythe, that hauds his pleugh,
And has nae care but Nannie, O.

Come well, come woe, I carena by,
I'll tak' what heav'n will send me, O,
Nae ither care in life have I,
But live and love my Nannie, O.

THE BRAES O' BALLOCHMYLE.



Low in your wintry beds, ye flowers,
Again ye'll flourish fresh and fair;
Ye birdies dumb, in withering bowers,
Again ye'll charm the vocal air.
But here alas! for me, nae mair
Shall birdie charm, or floweret smile;
Fareweel the bonnie banks of Ayr,
Fareweel, fareweel! sweet Ballochmyle!

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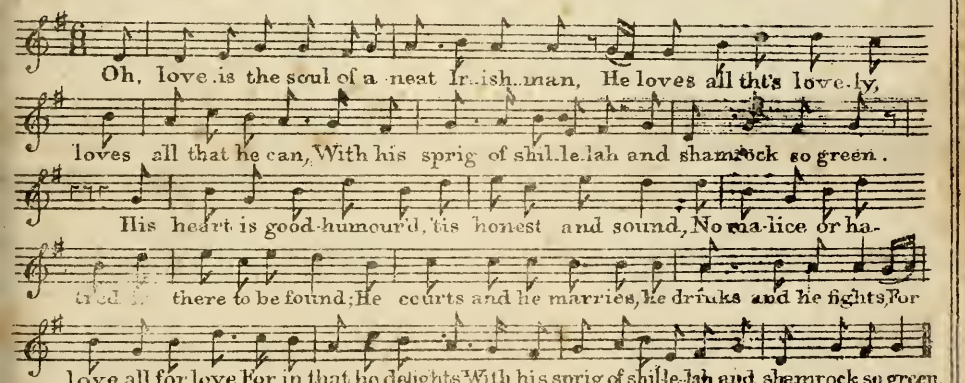
SPRIG OF SHILLELAH AND SHAMROCK SO GREEN.



Who has e'er had the luck to see Donnybrook fair,
An Irishman all in his glory is there,
With his sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green.
His clothes spick and span new, without e'er a speck,
A nice Barcelona tied round his neat neck,
He goes to a tent, and he spends half a crown,
He meets with a friend, and for love knocks him down,
With his sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green.

At evening returning, as homeward he goes,
His heart soft with whisky, his head soft with blows,
From a sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green:
He meets with his Shelah, who, blushing a smile,
Cries, Get along, Pat, yet consents all the while;
To the priest soon they go, and nine months after that
A fine baby cries, "How d'ye do, father Pat?"
With your sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green.

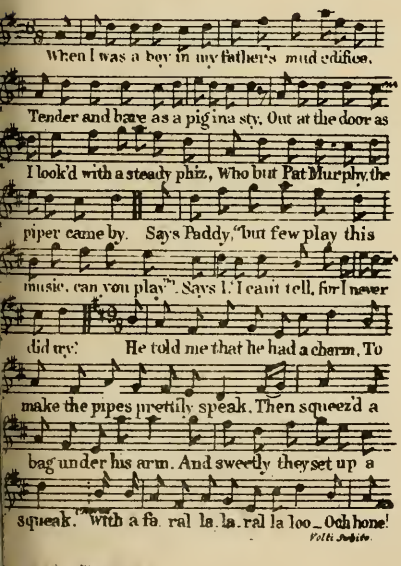
Bless the country, says I, that gave Patrick his birth
Bless the land of the oak and its neighbouring earth,
Where grow the shillelah and shamrock so green.
May the sons of the Thames, the Tweed, and the Shannon,
Drub the foe who dare plant at our confines a cannon:
United and happy at Loyalty's shrine,
May the rose and the thistle long flourish and twine
Round a sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green!

Published daily and Sold Wholesale & retail by R. W. Hume, Bookseller, Leith.
Price One Halfpenny.

THE LYRE.

No. 25.

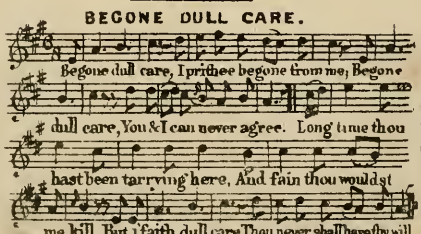
PADDY THE PIPER



Your pipe, says I, Paddy, so neatly comes over me,
Naked I'll wander wherever it blows.
And if my father should try to recover me,
– Sure it wont be by describing my clothes.
The music I hear now, takes hold of my ear now,
And leads me all over the world by the nose.
So I follow'd his bagpipe so sweet,
And sung, as I leapt like a frog,
Adieu to my family seat,
So pleasantly placed in a bog
With my faralla &c

Full five years I follow'd him, nothing could sunder us
Till he, one morning, had taken a sup_
And slipp'd from a bridge in a river just under us.
Souse_ to the bottom, just like a blind pup!
I roar'd out, and bawl'd out, and hastily call'd out,
O Paddy, my friend, dont you mean to come up?
He was dead as a nail in a door_
Poor Paddy was laid on the shelf.
So I took up his pipes on the shore,
And now I've set up for my self._
With my faralla, faralla loo, to be sure I have not got the knack,
To play, faralla faralla loo_ aye, and bulberoo didderoo whack!

BEGONE DULL CARE.



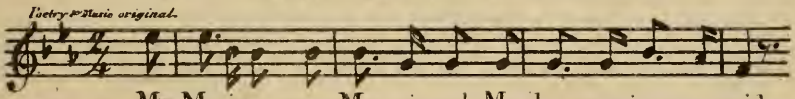
Too much care will turn a young man grey,
And too much care will turn an old man to clay,
My wife shall dance and I will sing,
So merrily pass the day,
For I hold it one of the wisest things,
To drive dull care away.

Published daily (and Sold Wholesale & Retail) by R. W. Hume, Bookseller Leith.
Price One Halfpenny.

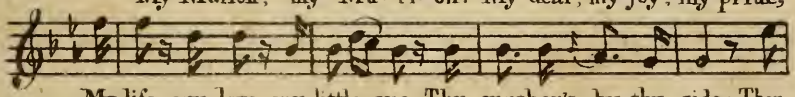
The LYRE. *No. 40.*

MY MARION, MY MARION!

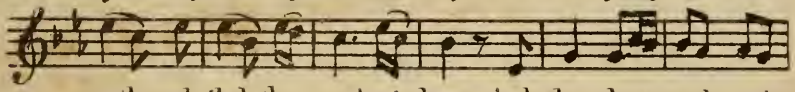
Poetry & Music original.



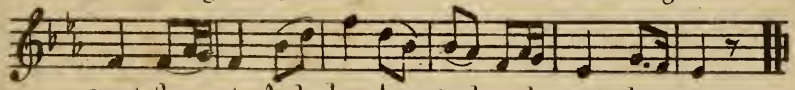
My Marion, my Ma--ri--on! My dear, my joy, my pride,



My life, my love, my little one, Thy mother's by thy side: Then



smile and glad thy mother's heart, And shew how good and



sweet thou art, And shew how good and sweet thou art.

My Marion, my Marion,
Thy fairy arms entwine
Around my neck, while I my child
Encircle thee in mine.
Sweet babe, may Heaven around thy head,
Its arms of love and safety spread.

My babe, my child, my Marion,
Thy mother hears thy cry,
Nothing shall harm my Marion,
While I, thy shield, am by.
Then sleep, and o'er thy fancy gleam,
Such thoughts as angels would beseem.

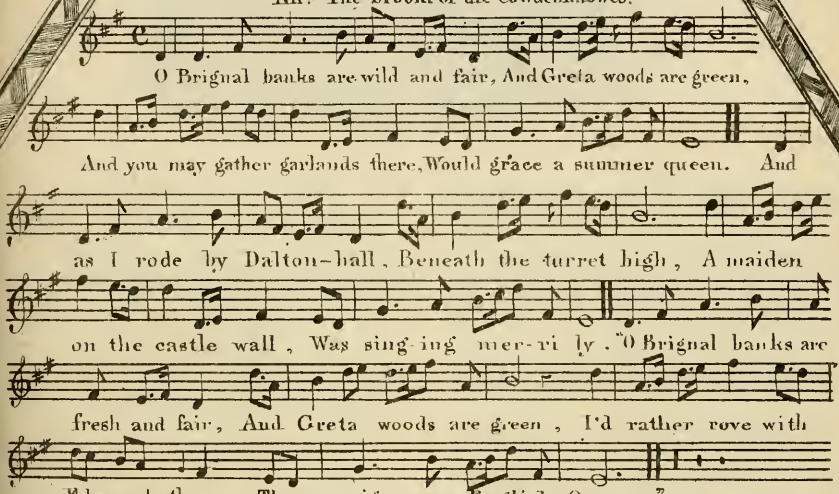
I'll cherish thee, my Marion,
In childhood, and in youth,
And lead thy steps the paths upon
Of happiness and truth;
And when thy mother's ta'en from thee,
O cherish still her memory.

Published daily [Price one halfpenny.] *by R. W. Hume, Leith.*

BRIGNAL BANKS.

By Sir Walter Scott.

Air:- The broom of the Cowdenknowes.



2nd Verse.

If maiden, thou wouldst wend with me,
To leave both bower and town,
Thou first must guess what life lead we,
That dwell by dale and down.
And if thou canst that riddle read,
As read full well you may,
Then to the greenwood thou shalt speed,
As blithe as queen of May."
Yet sung she, "Brignal banks are fair,
And Greta woods are green,
I'd rather rove with Edmund there,
Than reign our English queen."

3rd Verse.

"I read you, by your bugle horn,
And by your palfrey good,
I read you for a ranger sworn,
To keep the king's greenwood."
"A ranger, lady, winds his horn,
And 'tis at peep of light,
His blast is heard at merry morn,
And mine at dead of night."
Yet sung she, "Brignal banks are fair,
And Greta woods are gay;
I would I were with Edmund there,
To reign his queen of May."

4th Verse.

With burnished brand & musquetoon,
So gallantly you come,
I read you for a bold dragoon,
That lists the tuck of drum."
"I list no more the tuck of drum,
No more the trumpet hear;
But when the beetle sounds his hum,
My comrades take the spear.
And O, tho' Brignal banks are fair,
And Greta woods be gay;
Yet mickle must the maiden dare,
Would reign our queen of May."

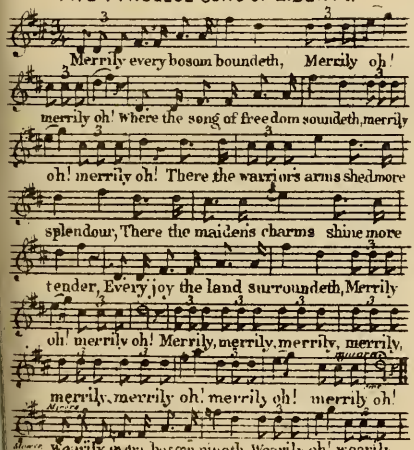
5th Verse.

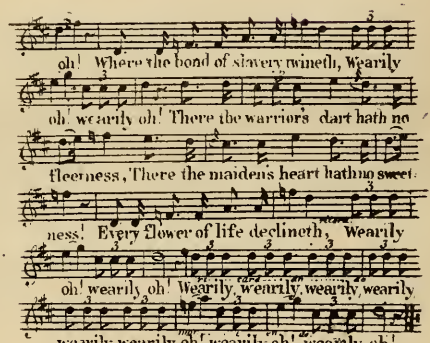
"Maiden! a nameless life I lead,
A nameless death I'll die;
The fiend, whose lanthorn lights the mead,
Were better mate than I:
And when I'm with my comrades met,
Beneath the greenwood bough;
What once we were we all forget,
Nor think what we are now.
Yet Brignal banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green;
And you may gather garlands there,
Would grace a summer queen.

Price One Penny.

Published by R.W. Hume Stationer, 57, Shore, Leith.

THE TYROLESE SONG OF LIBERTY.

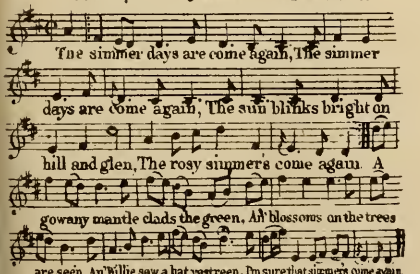




Cheerily then from hill and valley,
Cheerily oh! cheerily oh!
Like your native fountains sally,
Cheerily oh! cheerily oh!
If a glorious death won by bravery,
Sweeter be than breath sigh'd in slavery—
Round the flag of Freedom rally, cheerily oh! cheerily oh!

This last verse to be sung Da Capo — Allegro con Spirito

THE SUMMER DAYS ARE COME AGAIN.



The hasle busses bend nae mair
Aneath the loads that crush't them sair,
And Tweed rows past the waters fair,
The cheerie simmer's come again.
The simmer days, &c.

Ye little birdies, aue and a;
Loud may your tunefu' whistles blaw,
The winds gane round, and fleds the snaw.
The bonnie simmers come again.
The simmer days &c.

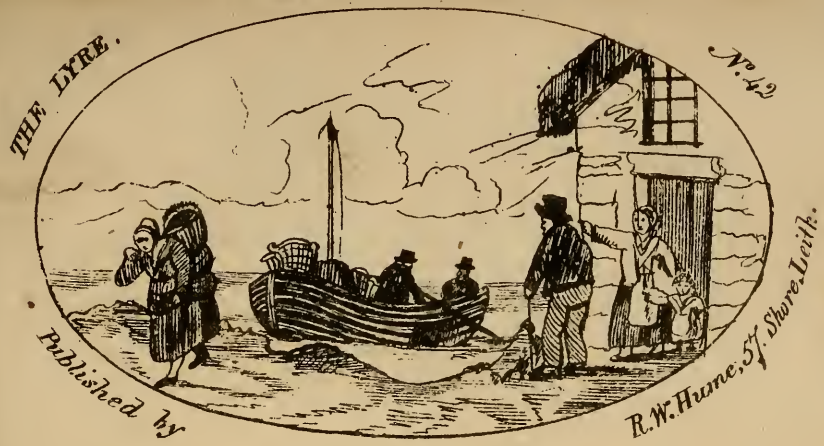
The glens are green, that looked sae ill,
The blasts that shored our lambs to kill.
The winds has gliffed them oe'r the hill,
And gladsome summer's come again.
The simmer days &c

Now simmer ye mann use us weel,
Wi' showers and sun-blinks at thers heel,
Were unco glad ye're come atweel
You're doubly welcome back again.
The simmer days &c.

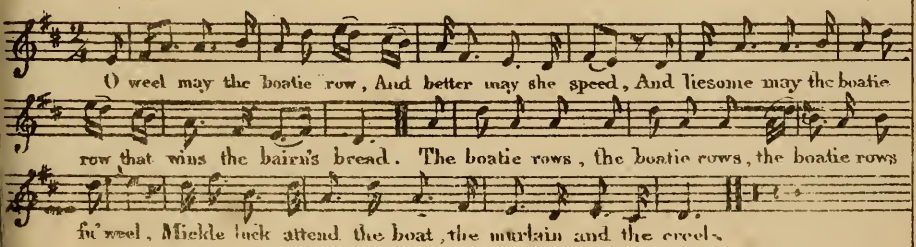
For Spring, ye see, neer minds us now,
To nurse the flocks, or tend the plough.
There's nane to tak' our part but you—
And wow! we're glad yere back again.

Then welcome simmer back again,
Rosy simmer back again,
The wuds sall ring wi' mony a strain
To welcome simmer back again.

Publishing daily by P. W. Hume, Leith.



THE BOATIE ROWS.



2.

O weel may the boatie row,
That fills a heavy creel,
And cleeds us a' frae tap to tae,
And buys our parritch meal.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows indeed;
And happy be the lot of a'
That wish the boatie speed.

3.

When Jamie vow'd he wad be mine,
And wan frae me mine heart,
O! muckle lighter grew my creel,
He swore we'd never part.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows fu' weel,
And muckle lighter is the load,
When love bears up the creel.

4.

When Sawny, Jock, and Janetie,
Are up and gotten lair,
They'll help to gar the boatie row,
And lighten a' our care.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows fu' weel,
And lightsome be her heart that bears
The merlin an' the creel.

5.

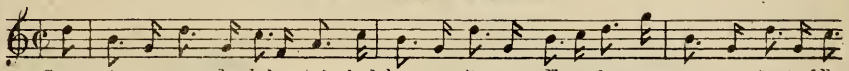
And when we're auld, an' sair bow'd down,
And hirplin round the door;
Our bairns will row to keep us warm,
As we did them before.
Then weel may the boatie row,
She wins the bairns' bread;
And happy be the lot of a'
That wish the boatie speed.

Price One Halfpenny.

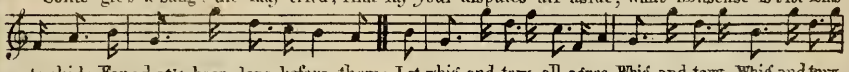
No. 69. Price One Halfpenny

Published by R.W. Hume Leith.

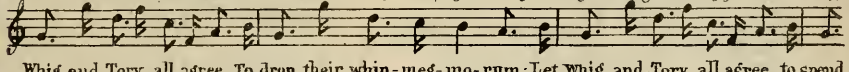
TULLOCHGORUM.



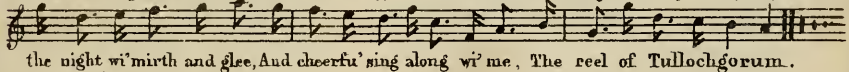
Come gie's a sang, the lady cried, And lay your disputes all aside, What nonsense is't for folks



to chide For what's been done before them; Let whig and tory all agree, Whig and tory, Whig and tory,



Whig and Tory all agree, To drop their whip-meg-mo-rum; Let Whig and Tory all agree, to spend



the night wi' mirth and glee, And cheerfu' sing along wi' me, The reel of Tullochgorum.

Tullochgorum's my delight,
It gars us a' in ane unite,
And any sumph that keeps up spite,
In conscience I abhor him;
Blythe and merry we's be a'
Blythe and merry, blythe and merry,
Blythe and merry we's be a'
To make a cheerfu' quorum.
Blythe and merry we's be a'
As lang's we hae a breath to draw,
And dance, till we be like to fa',
The reel of Tullochgorum.

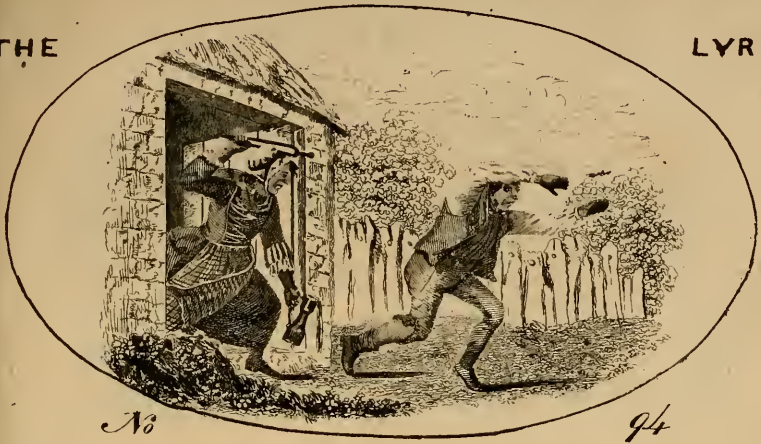
There needs na be so great a phrase,
Wi' dringing dull Italian lays;
I wadna gie our ain Strathspeys,
For half a hundred score o' em.
There douff and dowie at the best,
Douff and dowie, douff and dowie,
There douff and dowie at the best,
Wi' a' their variorum.
There douff and dowie at the best
There allegros, and a' the rest
They cannot please a Highland taste,
Compared wi' Tullochgorum.

Let worldly minds themselves oppress,
Wi' fear of want and double cess,
And silly sauls themselves distress,
Wi' keeping up decorum,
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Sour and sulky, sour and sulky,
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Like auld Philosophorum?
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit
Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,
And canna rise to shake a fit,
At the reel of Tullochgorum.

May choicest blessings still attend,
Each honest-hearted, open friend,
And calm and quiet be his end,
Be a' that's good before him!
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,
May peace and plenty be his lot,
And dainties a great store o' em!
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Unstained by any vicious blot!
And may he never want a groat
That's fond of Tullochgorum.

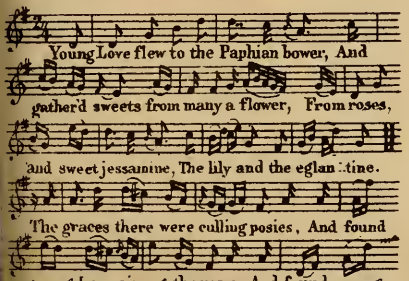
But for the discontented fool,
Who wants to be oppression's tool,
May envy gnaw his rotten soul,
And blackest fiends devour him!
May dole and sorrow be his chance,
Dole and sorrow, dole and sorrow,
May dole and sorrow be his chance,
And honest souls abhor him!
May dole and sorrow be his chance,
And a' the ills that come frae France,
Whoe'er he be that winna dance
The reel of Tullochgorum.

THE LYRE

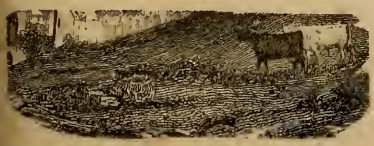


No 94

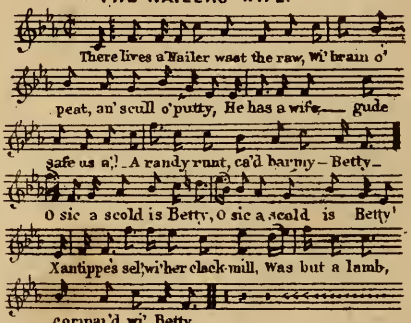
LOVE AMONG THE ROSES.



O happy day! O joyous hour!
Compose a wreath of every flower,
Let's bind him to us ne'er to sever,
Young Love shall dwell with us for ever.
Eternal spring the wreath composes,
Content is Love among the roses.
Young Love, &c.



THE NAILER'S WIFE.



An' O but she's a gruesome quean,
Wi' face like a mahogany table,
Twa flaming torches are her een,
Her teeth could snap in twa a cable —
O sic a scold, &c.

Ye've seen, upon a rainy night,
Upon the dark-brown clouds reflecket,
Clyde airn-wark's grim an' sullen light —
Then, that's her brow, when frowns bedeck it;
O sic a scold &c.
It had been guid for you an' me,
Had mither Eve been sic a beauty,
She soon wad gar'd auld Satan flee
Back to his regions, dark an' sootie. —
O sic a scold &c.

Whene'er you see a furious storm
Uprooting trees, an' lums down smashin',
You then may some idea form
O' what she's like, when in a passion.
O sic a scold &c.

For then the weans she cuffs an' kicks,
In fault, or not, it mak's nae matter,
While plates, an' bowls, an' candlesticks
Flee thro' the house wi' hailstane blatter.
O sic a scold &c.

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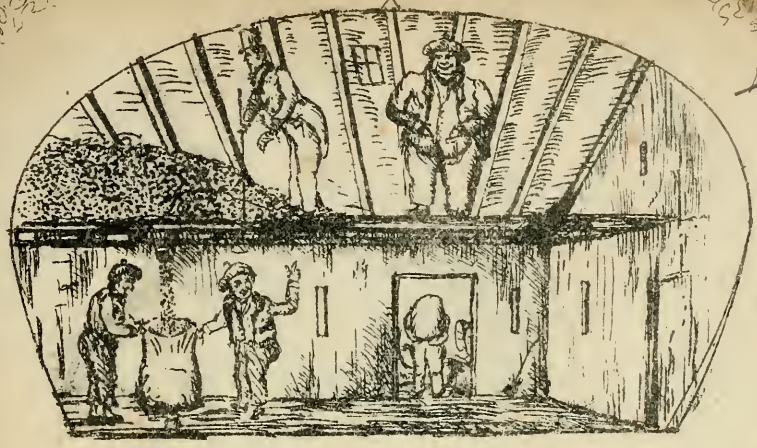
Price One Halpenny.

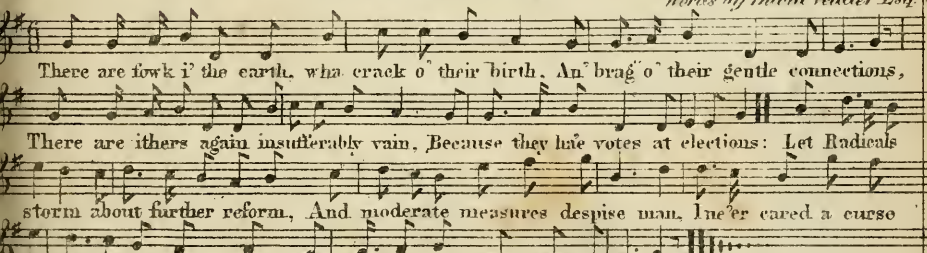


DEACON DRAFF'S SONG.

RECITATIVE.

The burly brewer Deacon Draff,
A verse or two would hollo;
Then something like a dying calf,
He drawled the following solo.

Words by David Vedder Esq.



My speeches were rife, o' fortune an life,
Whene'er there occurr'd an occasion,
donn'd a cockade, an' flourish'd my blade,
When Buonaparte threaten'd invasion!
To shew them my spunk, I got gloriously drunk,
When Boney cam' over a prize, man,
Yet, I thought it nae fau't, when turnin my maut,
To bilk my auld frien' the Exciseman.

It aye was my plan, to mind number one,
Although I supported the Tories,
I aye did my best to feather my nest,
While I fiddled, an' drank to their glories.
I train'd my best horse, for the yeamonry force,
An' praised Castlereagh to the skies man.
But I aye thought it right, nay it was my delight,
To diddle my frien' the Exciseman.

ВАРНПЬКА.

Теперь мы съ просьбой къ вамъ,
Штобъ на прощаніе къ намъ
Поснисходительнѣй вы были,
И чтобъ на этотъ разъ
И автора и насъ
За новые грѣхи простили!
Предъ вами рады мы стараться,
И не жалѣя силъ своихъ,
Готовы даже къ вамъ являться
Всегда вдвоемъ за шестерыхъ!

FARE THEE WELL.

Words by LORD BYRON.

Fare thee well, and if for ev...er, Still for ev···er, fare thee well,
E'en though un···for···giv····ing, nev·er 'Gainst thee shall my heart re··bel. 'Gainst thee shall my heart re····bel. Would that breast were·bared be··fore thee, Where thy head so oft has lain, While that pla·cid sleep came o'er thee, Which thou ne'er canst know a···gain, Which thou ne'er canst know a····gain.

2

Tho' the world for this commend thee,
Tho' it smile upon the blow,
E'en its praises must offend thee,
Founded on another's woe.
Tho' my many faults defac'd me,
Could no other arm be found,
Than the one which once embrac'd me,
To inflict a cureless wound?

3

And when thou wouldst solace gather,
When our child's first accents flow,
Wilt thou teach her to say "Father,"
Tho' his care she must forego?
When her little hands shall press thee,
When her lips to thine are press'd,
Think of him whose pray'r shall bless thee,
Think of him thy love had bless'd.

4

Should her lineaments resemble
Those thou never more may'st see,
Then thy heart will softly tremble
With a pulse yet true to me.
All my faults perchance thou knowest
All my madness none can know;
All my hopes, where'er thou goest,
Whither yet with thee they go.

5

But 'tis done, all words are idle,
Words from me are vainer still,
But the thoughts we cannot bridle
Force their way without the will.
Fare thee well! thus disunited,
Torn from every nearer tie,
Sear'd in heart, and lone, and blighted,
More than this, I scarce can die.

Published daily, and Sold Wholesale & Retail by R. W. Hume Bookseller Leith.

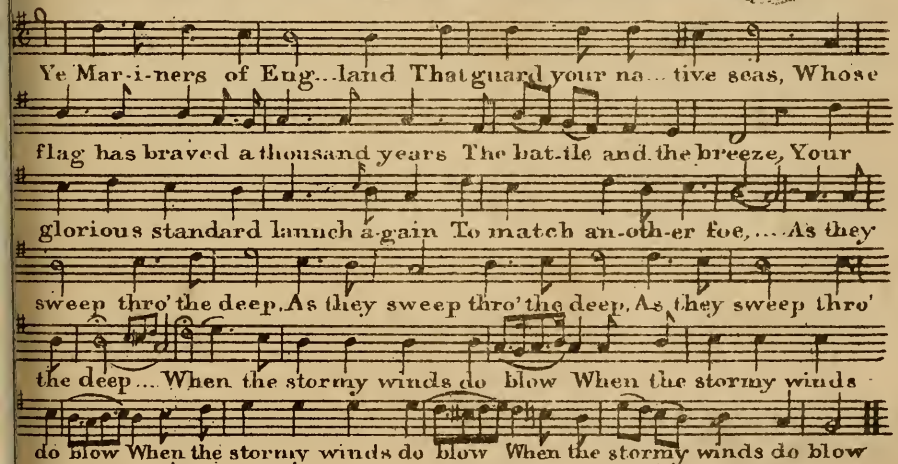
See Nos. 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, of this Miscellany for Copious Instructions in Singing.

Price One Halfpenny.

THE HALF PENNY LYRE

No. 17.

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.



2

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave!
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And ocean was their grave.
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow;
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

3

Britannia needs no bulwark,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below—
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy tempests blow;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

4

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn,
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

Published daily and Sold Wholesale & Retail by R. W. Hume Bookseller Leith.
Nos. 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 of this Miscellany for Price One Halfpenny. Copious Instructions in Singing

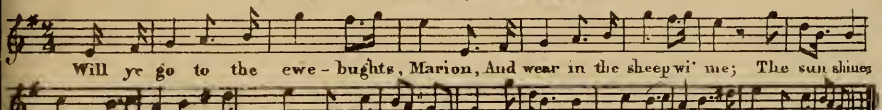
THE HALFPENNY LYRE

No. 68, PRICE, One halfpenny.

28

Published by R. W. Hume, LEITH

EWE-BUGHTS MARION.



2

O Marion's a bonny lass,
And the blythe blink's in her e'e;
And fain would I marry Marion,
Gin Marion would marry me.

3

There's goud in your garters, Marion,
And siller on your white hause bane;
Fu' fain wad I kiss my Marion,
At e'en whan I come hame.

4

There's braw lads in Earnshaw, Marion,
Wha gape and glow'r with their e'e;
At kirk whan they see my Marion,
But nane o' them lues like me.

5

I've nine milk ewes, my Marion,
A cow and a brawny quey;
I'll gi'e them a' to my Marion,
Upon her bridal day.

6

And ye's get a green sey apron,
And waistcoat o' Lunnon brown;
And wow but ye will be vap'rin',
Whene'er ye gang to the town.

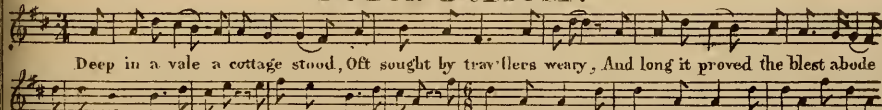
7

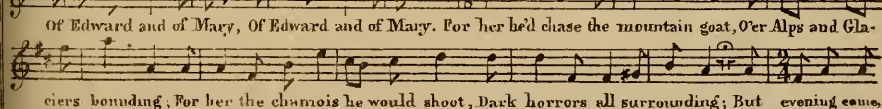
I'm young and stout, my Marion,
Nane dance like me on the green;
And gin ye forsake me, Marion,
I'll e'en gae draw up wi' Jean.

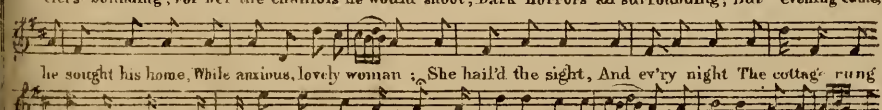
8

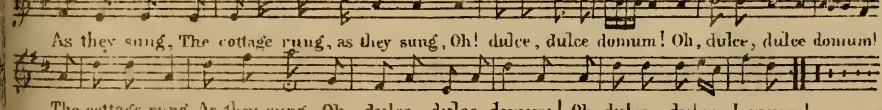
Sae put on your pearlins, Marion, And kyrtle o' cramasie;
And soon as my chin has nae hair on, I sall come wast and see thee.

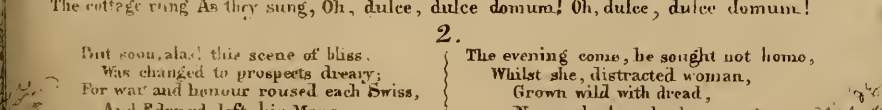
DULCE DOMUM.

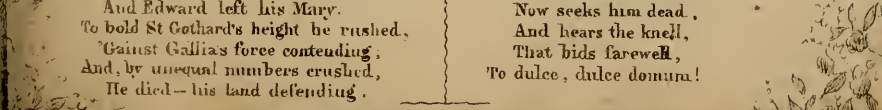












2.

But soon, alas! this scene of bliss,
Was changed to prospects dreary;
For war and honour roused each Swiss,
And Edward left his Mary.
To hold St Gothard's height he rushed,
'Gainst Gallias force contending;
And, by unequal numbers crushed,
He died—his land defending.

The evening come, he sought not home,
Whilst she, distracted woman,
Grown wild with dread,
Now seeks him dead,
And hears the knell,
That bids farewell,
To dulce, dulce domum!

THE HALFPENNY LYRE.

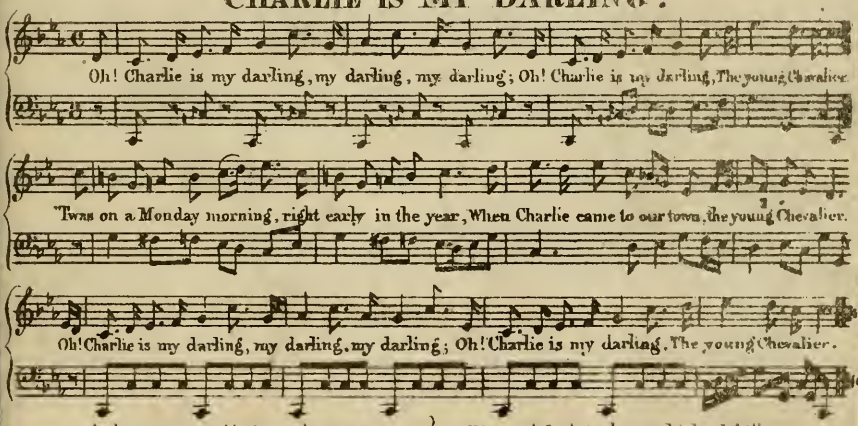
No. 70.

Price One halfpenny.

Published by

R. W. Hume, LEITH.

CHARLIE IS MY DARLING.



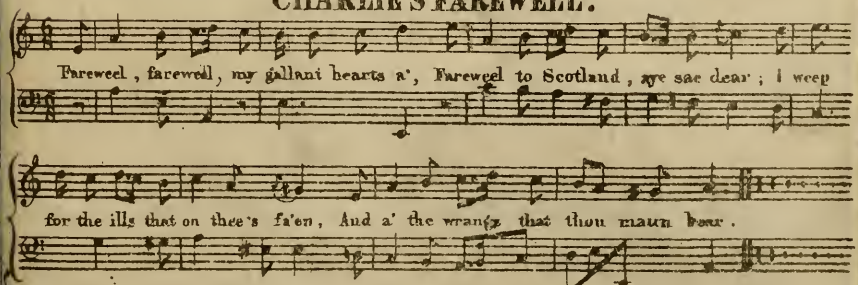
As he came marching up the street,
The pipes played loud and clear;
And a' the folks came running out,
To meet the Chevalier.

Wi' hieland bonnets on their heads,
And claymores bright and clear;
They came to fight for Scotland's right
And the young Chevalier.

They've left their bonny hieland hills,
Their wives and bairnies dear;
To draw the sword for Scotland's Lord,
The young Chevalier.

Oh! there were mony beating hearts,
And mony hopes and fears;
And mony were the prayers put up
For the young Chevalier.

CHARLIE'S FAREWELL.

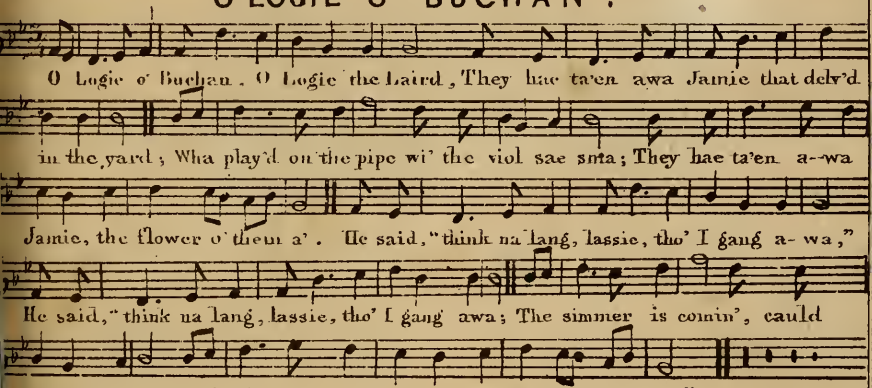


Oh, Scotland, thou'rt but a reckless name!
A reckless fate abideth thee!
The bonniest spot in a' Christendom.
Is the haunt of guilt and treacherie!

O gin my grave were Culloden field
Whare drapt the flowers o' chivalrie!
O Scotland! Scotland that I should live
To mourn the wrangs o' thine and thee!

O fare thee weel, thou bonnie Scotland,
Thy stay and prop I wished to be;
But thee and thine I will ne'er forget,
Tho' I am banished far frae thee.

O LOGIE O' BUCHAN.



Sandy has owsen, has gear, and has kye,
A house and a haddin, and siller forbye;
But I'd tak my ain lad, wi' his staff in his hand,
Before I'd hae him wi' his houses and land.
He said, "think na lang" &c.

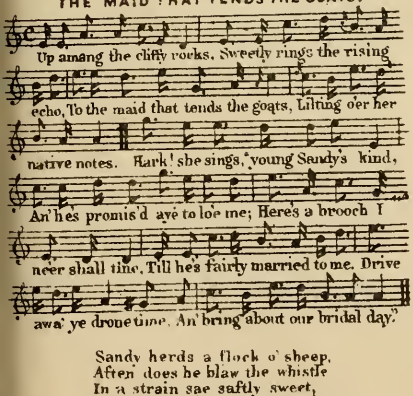
My Daddy looks sulky, my Minny looks sour,
They frown upon Jamie because he is poor;
Tho' I lo'e them as weel as a Daughter can do,
And blythe were their lassie, gin they would lo'e you.
He said, "think na lang &c.

I sit on my creepie, and spin at my wheel,
And think on the Laddie that lo'ed me sae weel;
He had but ae saxpence, he brak it in twa,
And he gied me the half o't when he gaed awa.
But simmer is coming, cauld winter's awa,
And he'll come and see me in spite o' them a'.

The early Numbers being now reprinted, our friends can have those containing the Instructions, which are copious & easily understood.
The Lyre is respectfully recommended to all Classes as a cheap & useful Miscellany, and well calculated for diffusing a taste for Music throughout the Country. — Dealers will find it their interest to arrange the songs in separate portfolios, pasting one outside; it facilitates the sales much.

Published Wholesale and Retail [Price One halfpenny] by R. W. Hume, Leith.

THE MAID THAT TENDS THE GOATS.

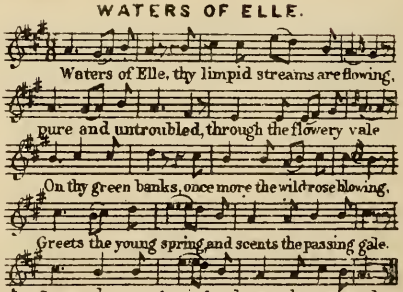


Sandy herds a flock o' sheep,
Aften does he blaw the whistle
In a strain sae saftly sweet,
Lammos list'ning, dare nae bleat
He's as fleet's the mountain roe,
Hardy as the highland heather.

Wading through the winter snow,
Keeping aye his flock together,
But a plaid, wi' bare boughs,
He braves the bleakest norlin blast.

Brawly can he dance and sing
Canty glee, or highland cronach,
Nane can ever match his fling
At a reel, or round a ring.
Wightly can he wield a rung,
In a brawl he's ay the bangster.
A' his praise can neer be sung
By the langest winded sangster.
Sangs that sing o' Sandy
Come short, tho' they were e'er sae lang.

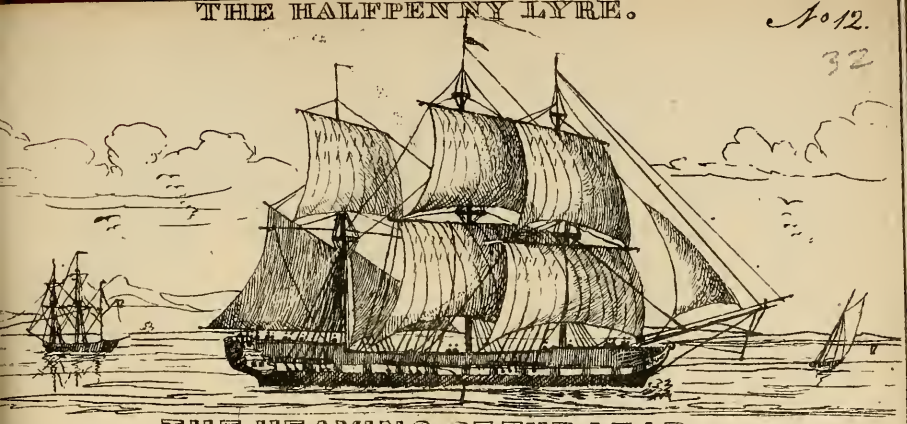
WATERS OF ELLE.



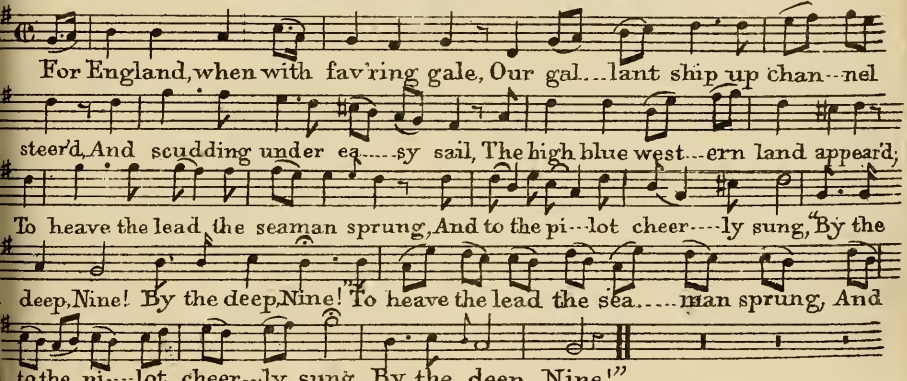
Here twas a eve near yonder tree reposing
One, still too dear, first breathed his vows to thee
Wear this, he cried, his guileful love disclosing,
Near to thy heart in memory of me

Love's cherished gift, the rose he gave is faded
Love's blighted flower can never bloom again
Weep for thy fault, in heart, in mind degraded,
Weep, if thy tears can wash away the stain

LEITH.
Published by R.W.H. [illegible] Shore



THE HEAVING OF THE LEAD.



And bearing up to gain the port
Some well-known object kept in view
An abbey tow'r, a harbour-fort,
Or beacon to the vessel true;
While oft the lead the seaman flung,
And to the pilot cheerly sung,
"By the mark, Seven!"

And, as the much-lov'd shore we near,
With transport we behold the roof
Where dwelt a friend or partner dear,
Of faith and love a matchless proof;
The lead once more the seaman flung
And to the watchful pilot sung,
Quarter less five?"

Now to her birth the ship draws nigh,
With slacken'd sail — she feels the tide —
"Stand! clear the cable!" is the cry;
The anchor's gone — we safely ride.
The watch is set, and through the night
We hear the seamen with delight
Proclaim — "All's well!"

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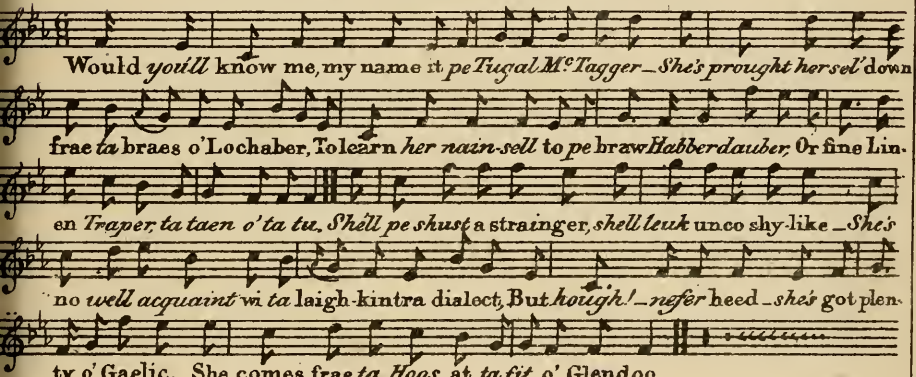
TUGAL Mc TAGGER.



But her kilt *she'll exshange* for *ta praw tandy truiser*—
She'll learn to *ta* lady to scrape an' to *boo Sir*,
An' say to *ta shentlemans*—"*hoo did you'll do Sir*"—
An' *ta'n shell forgot* her puir freens in Glendoo.
An' when *shell pe spoktt ta* laigh kintra jabber,
She'll gie *hersel'* out for *ta LAIRD O' LOCHAPER*,
Shust come for *amusements*, to turn *Habberdauber*—
For *tat* will *pe prawer, tan herdin' ta ku*.

She'll teuk a big Shop, an *shell turnt* a big dealer,
She'll pe cautiont hersel'—for *tey'll* no sought no bailer—
But *Tugal Mc Tagger hersel'*, mak's a failure,
Tey'll callt her a Pankrump—a trade *shell* not *knew*—
Tey'll call't a creat meetings—*she'll leuk unco* blate *noo*—
She'll fain gang awa,—but *tey'll tell't her* to wait *noo*—
Tey'll spokit a lang *times* 'bout a *creat* estate *noo*
Nae *doot tey'll thocht shell pe ta* Laird o' Glendoo.

Tey'll wrote a lang paper *tey callt a Trust Deeder*—
Tey'll ax her to sign—but *hersel' no can* read *her*—
Tey'll sought Compongzition—*Ugh! oich!* *nefer heed her*—
Tere's no sic a word 'mongst ta hills o' Glendoo.—
Oich! had *she her durk noo*—*hersel' could devour tem*,—
Tey'll teuk her to shail when she'll stood tare pefore tem,
But *faith shell got out on a hashimanorum*,
An' *noo she's as free as ta* winds *o' Glendoo*.—

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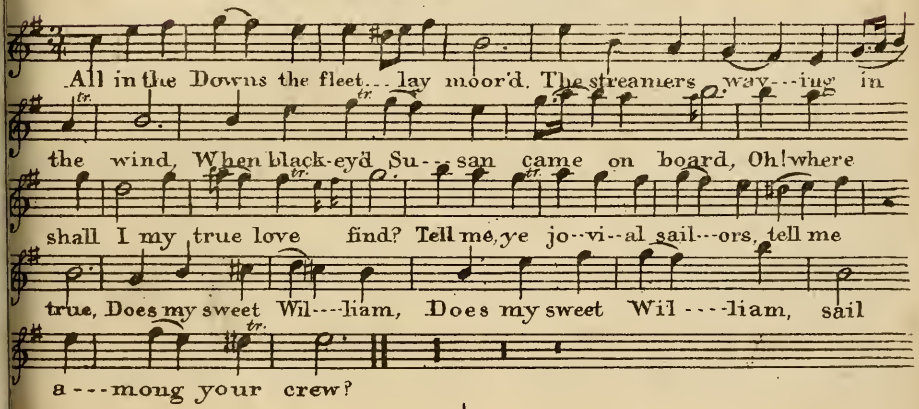
—Price One Halfpenny.—

BLACK-EYED SUSAN.



2

William, who high upon the yard,
Rock'd with the billows to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below.
The cords glide swiftly thro' his glowing hands,
And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

3

O! Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
My vows shall ever true remain;
Let me kiss off that fallen tear;
We only part to meet again,
Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be,
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

4

Believe not what the landsmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind;
They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
In every port a mistress find:
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so;
For thou art present wherese'er I go.

5

Though battle call me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Though cannons roar, yet safe from harms,
William shall to his dear return:
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

6

The boatswain gave the dreadful word
The sails their swelling bosoms spread;
No longer must she stay on board;
They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head:
Her less'ning boat unwilling rows to land;
Adieu! she cried, and wav'd her lily hand.

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AULD LANG SYNE.

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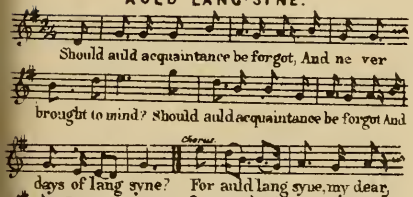


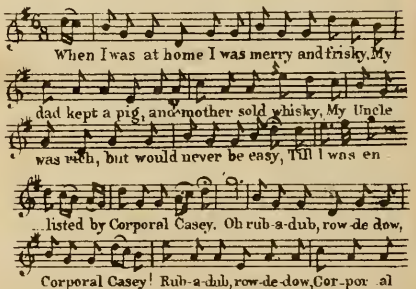
We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine,
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne &c.

We twa hae paidlet in the burn,
When simmer days were prime,
But seas between us braid hae roar'd,
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, &c.

And there's a hand my trusty friend,
And gie's a hand o' thine,
And toom the cup to friendships growth,
And auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, &c.

And surely ye'll be your pint stoup,
As sure as I'll be mine,
And we'll tak' a right guid willie waught.
For auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne &c.

CORPORAL CASEY.



I march'd from Kilkenny, and as I was thinking
On Sheelah, my heart in my bosom was sinking;
But soon I was forc'd to look fresh as a daizy,
For fear of a drubbing from Corporal Casey!
Oh rub-a-dub, row-de-dow Corporal Casey.
The devil go with him! I ne'er could be lazy,
He stuck in my skirts so, auld Corporal Casey.

We went into battle, I took the blows fairly
That fell on my pate, but he bother'd me rarely.
And who should the first be that dropt? why ant please ye.
It was my good friend, honest Corporal Casey!

Oh! rub-a-dub, row-de-dow, Corporal Casey,
Thinks I, you are quiet, and I shall be easy,
So eight years I fought without Corporal Casey.

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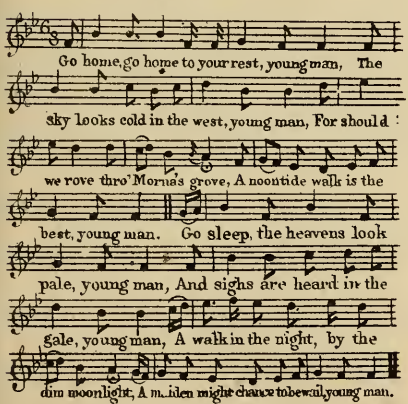
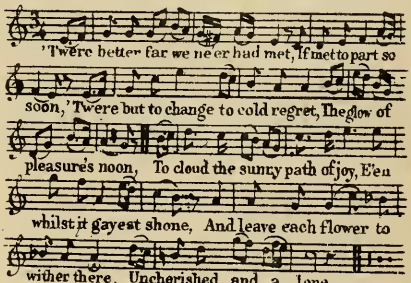
No 35

GO HOME, GO HOME.



When all the world's awake, young man,
A proffer of love I may take, young man,
But the star of truth,
The guide of my youth,
Never pointed to midnight wake, young man,
Go sleep till rise of the sun young man,
The Sage's eye to shun, young man,
For he's watching the flight
Of dæmons to night,
And may happen to take thee for one, young man.

'TWERE BETTER FAR WE NE'ER HAD MET.



Around the board where memory twines
With friendships kindest ties,
A world of sweet remembrances
How blest each moment flies!

While o'er and o'er, in thought we roam
Each balmy native dell,
Oh! who could think of parting then,
Oh! who could say farewell!

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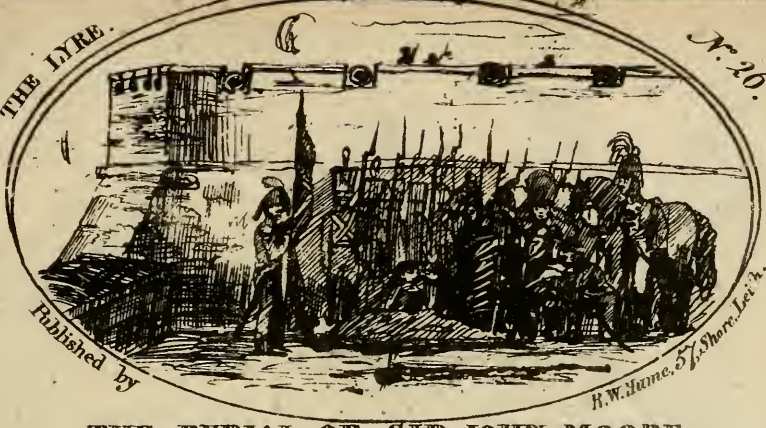
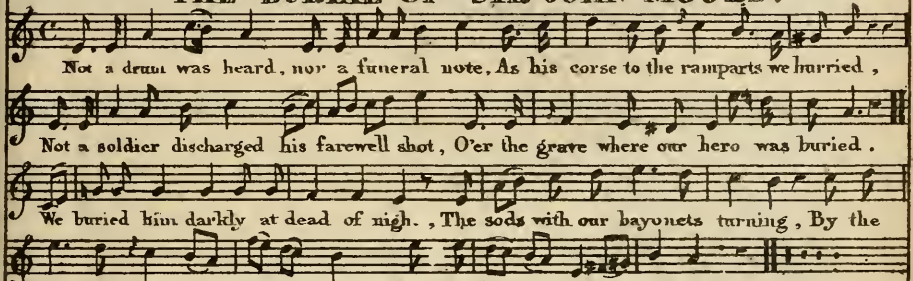
Price One Halfpenny.

THE LYRE. No. 26.



Published by R. W. Hume, 57, Shore, Leith.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.



No useless coffin inclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest
With his martial cloak around him.
Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought as we hallow'd his narrow bed,
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread on his head,
And we far away on the billow;
Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But nothing he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

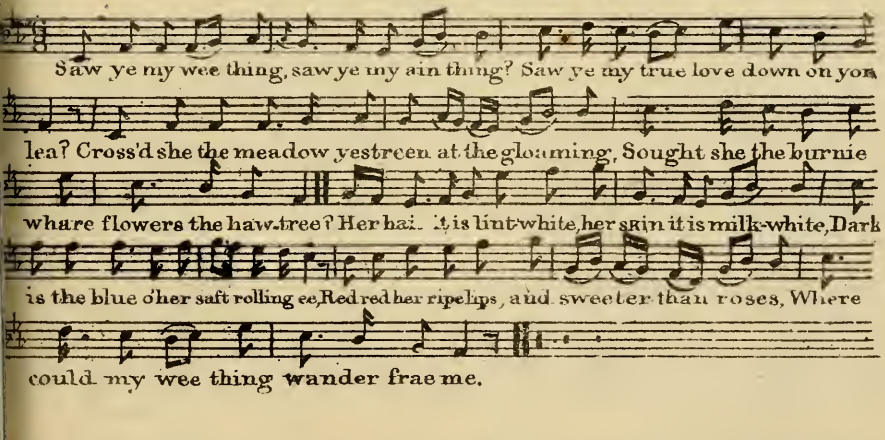
But half of our heavy task was done, When the clock toll'd the hour for retiring,
And we knew by the distant and random gun, That the foe was suddenly firing;
Slowly and sadly we laid him down, From the field of his fame, fresh, and gory;
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone, But we left him alone in his glory.

The Publisher embraces the opportunity which the republication of this Number of the Lyre affords, to notice the Individual who has enriched this highly finished Stanzas, by composing for them the above beautiful melody. Like the Subject of the Song and its Author, Robert Tevendale has also passed the Bourn whence Hero, Poet, nor Composer ever returns. Stone is not raised, nor line either penned or carved to his memory, nor will his name run down the stream of Time so far as the fame of those with whom we are now associating him; but for "a Season" he will not be forgotten by those who knew his worth. His abilities as a Musician, &c. as Lithographic Penman were of a first rate order, and other Qualifications had he, of which we have not space to recite. His faults were few & far between, and his Vertues such as his narrow sphere in Society, permitted him to exercise.

R. T.'s other musical contributions to this Work are, "Over the Strains of Motion," "The Moon fringed with her silver Beams," & "Anyont [illegible] lain."

THE HALFPENNY LYRE. No 11.

MARY OF CASTLE-CARY.



2

w nae your wee thing, I saw nae your ain thing,
r saw I your true love down by yon lea;
I met wi my bonnie thing late in the gloaming,
own by the burnie where flowers the haw-tree;
air it was lint-white, her skin it was milk-white,
ark was the blue of her soft rolling e'e;
were her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses—
weet were the kisses that she gave to me.

3

as nae my wee thing, it was nae my ain thing,
was nae my true love ye met by the tree:
ud is her leal heart, modest her nature.
e never lo'ed ony till ance she lo'ed me.
name it is Mary, she's frae Castle-cary,
ft has she sat when a bairn on my knee:
as your face is, were't fifty times fairer,
oung bragger, she ne'er wad gie kisses to thee.

4

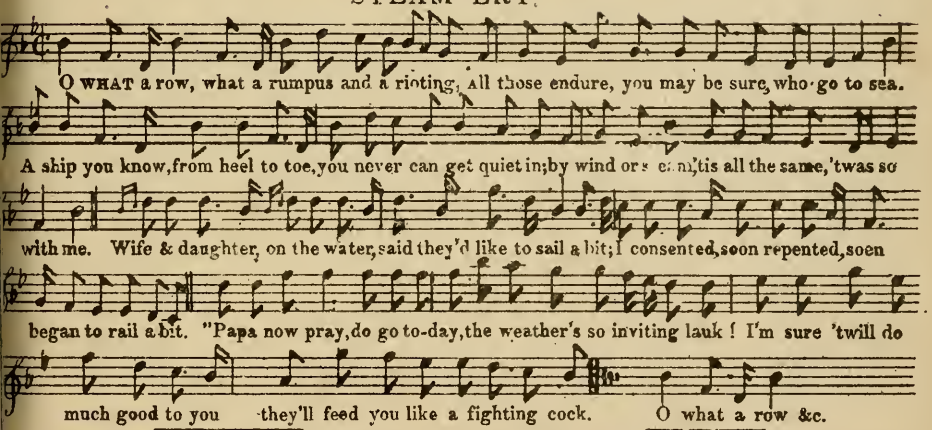
It was then your Mary, she's frae Castle-cary,
It was then your true love I met by the tree;
Proud as her heart is and modest her nature,
Sweet were the kisses that she gave to me
Sair gloom'd his dark brow and blood-red his cheek grew
Wild flash'd the fire frae his wild rolling e'e
Ye's rue sair this morning your boasts and your scorning,
Defend ye fause traitor, fu' loudly ye lie.

5

Away wi' beguiling, cried the youth smiling—
Off went the bonnet, the lint-white locks flee,
The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom shawing,
Fair stood the loved maid wi' the dark rolling e'e.
Is it my wee thing, is it my ain thing,
Is it my true love here that I see?
O Jamie forgie me, your heart's constant to me,
I'll never mair wander, dear laddie frae thee.

Published daily and Sold Wholesale & Retail by R. W. Hunter, Book[illegible] Leith.
Price One Halfpenny.

STEAM-ERY.



In a boat I got afloat as clumsy as an elephant,
So spruce and gay, to spend the day, and make a splash;
Gad, I it's true, I did it too; for stepping in, I fell off on't,
And overboard, upon my word, I went slap dash[ing me.
Wife squalling, daughter bawling, every thing provok-
Called a hog, poodle dog, all the sailors joking me;
Dripping wet, in a pet, with many more distressibles,
The fellow took the longboat-hook, and caught my in-
expressibles! *Oh! what a row, &c.*

Such a gig, without a wig, on deck I was exhibited,
Ears a-whizzing, laughers quizzing, passengers & crew;
Raved & swore, that on shore I rather had been gibbeted,
Than thus half-drowned, by all around be roasted too.
Danger past & dry at last indulging curiosity; [ocity;
I stared to see the vessel flee, with such a strange vel-
Pray, said I, to one hard by, what power can impel us so,
The smokie devil goes by steam; at least the sailors
tell us so. *Oh! what a row, &c.*

Not a sail to catch a gale, yet magically on we went,
Gainst wind & tide & all beside, in wonder quite: [ment
Cast my eye up to the sky, and, tall as London Monu-
I saw the kitchen chimney smoke, as black as night.
People toiling, roasting, boiling, bless us such a rookery!
They'd soup & fish, fowl & flesh, a London tavern cooke-
Then the noice of men boys, a din to rival a hubbub[ry
I thought the crew were devils too, the master-Cap-
tain BelzeBuB. *Oh! what a row, &c.*

Wife drew near & said, my dear now's your time to pick
The dinner's serving up, observe we must fly (a bit.
Says I, my dear, I'm very queer, I'm going to be sick
I'm seized with an all-overness, I faint, I die! [a bit.
I cannot eat, I loath my meat, I feel my stomac failing me;
Steward hasten, get a basin, what the deuce is ailing me;
If it's handy, bring some brandy—the malady to qu-
Down I lay, for half a day, in pickle [ench unable,
quite unmentionable. *Oh! what a row, &c.*

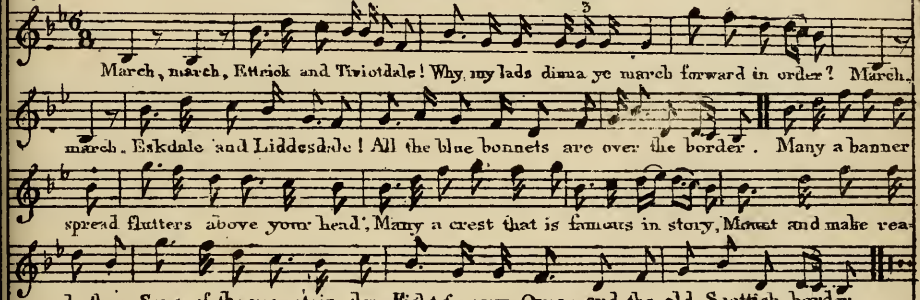
As to dinner, I'm a sinner, if I touched a bit of it; but anchor cast and home at last, we're safe, I see,
In the packet such a racket, crowding to get quit of it, and little wonder, blood and thunder! I'm on the quay;
With how d'ye do, how are you? I see you're better phisically; Zounds be still I'm very ill you're ever talking
Some with glee may go to sea; but I shall not be willing, Sir, for such a day, again to pay, just (quizzically,
two pounds fifteen shillings, sirs. O what a row, &c.

THE LYRE

No. 33.

Published by R.W. Hurree, 57 Shore, Leith.

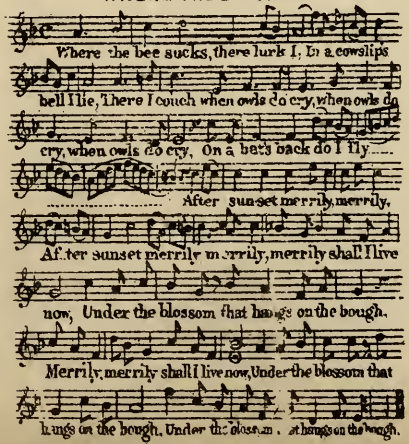
BLUE BONNETS.

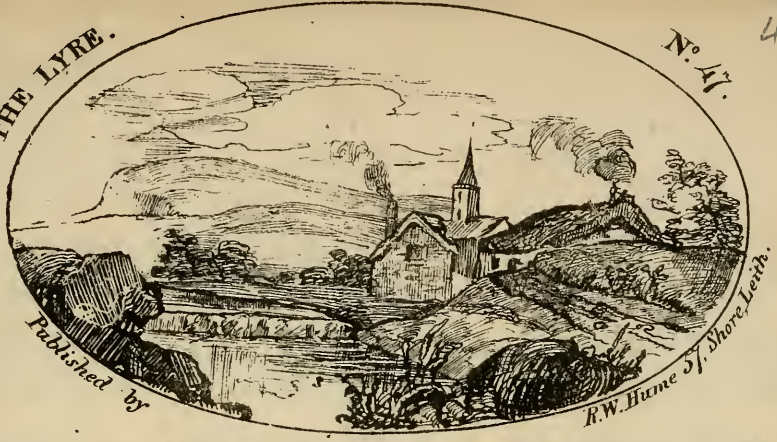


2.

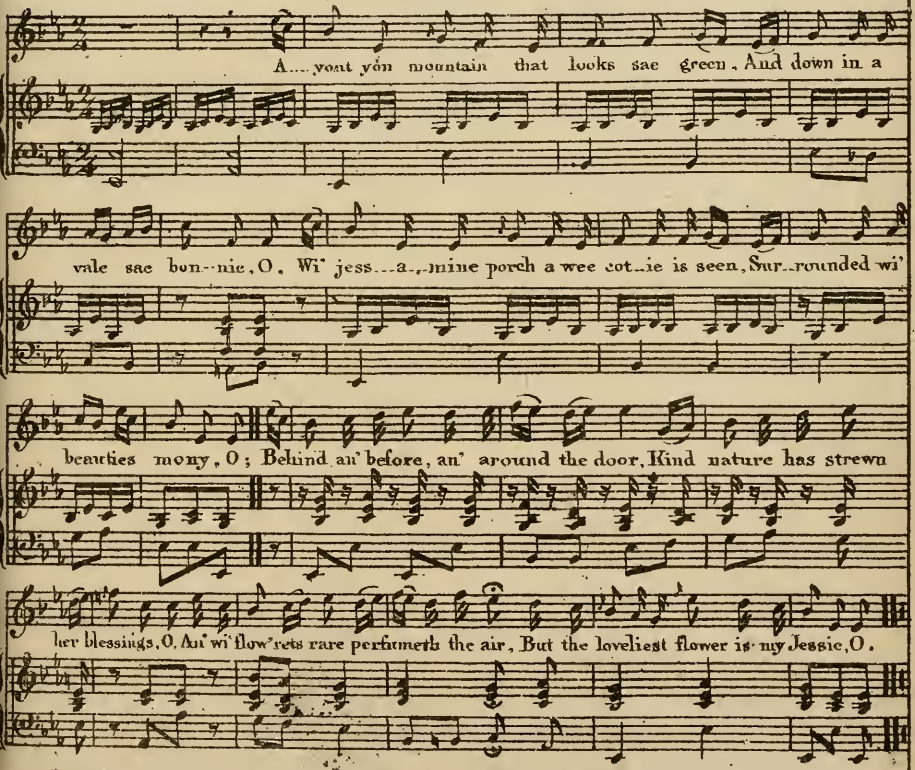
Come from the hills where your hirsels are grazing,
Come from the glen of the buck and the roe,
Come to the crag where the beacon is blazing,
Come with the buckler, the lance and the bow.
Trumpets are sounding, war-steeds are bounding,
Stand to your arms, and march in good order;
England shall many a day, tell of the bloody fray,
When the blue bonnets came over the border.

WHERE THE BEE SUCKS.





AYONT YON MOUNTAIN THAT LOOKS SAE GREEN.

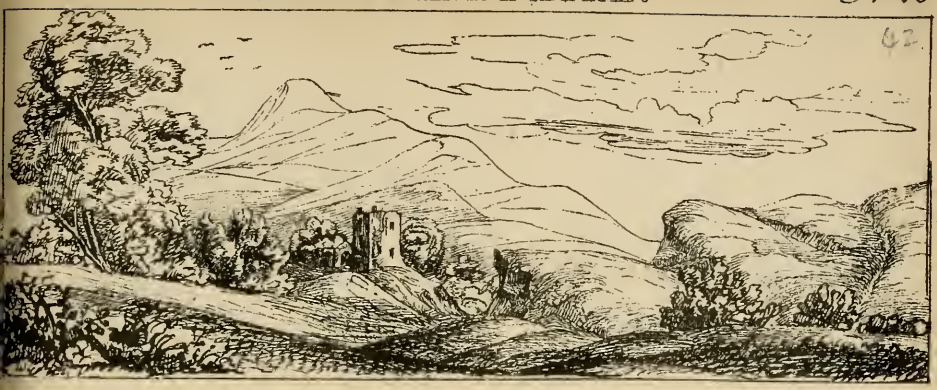


O kind is her daddy, an' happy to see,
(When the sun's gane ahint the craigie, O,)
My bannet glintin' owre the lea
An' down by the rustic briggie, O,
An' blithe is her mammy when spreadin' the board
Wi' the supper sae clean and sae cheerie, O,
But happier an' kinder an' blyther than a'
Is the smile an' the glance o' my dearie, O.

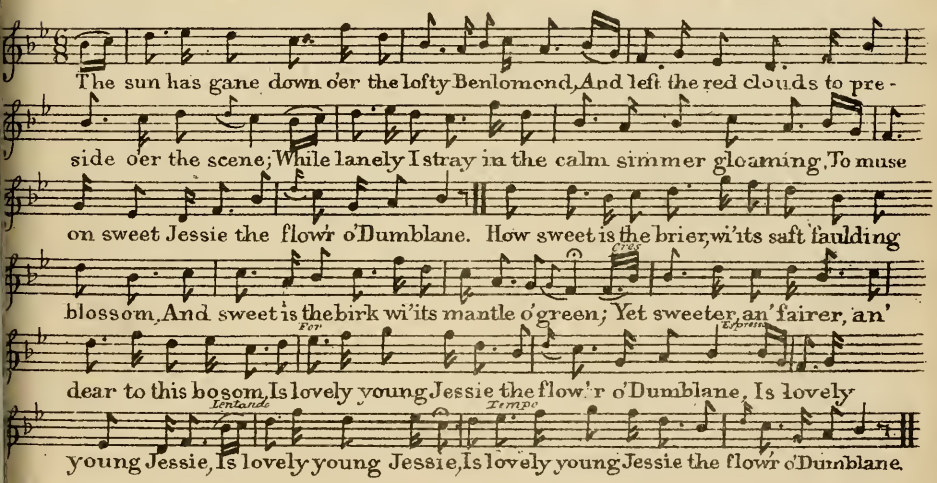
O Fortune be kind, an' down in the glen,
Wi' the burnie rinnin' by the end o't, O,
Bestow me a cot wi' a but an' a ben,
An' an acre or twa around it, O;
An' send me an income sufficient to scare
Pale want frae the door o' my housie, O,
Then farewell the world, its toils an' its cares,
An' welcome love an' my Lassie O.

Price One halfpenny.

See Nos. 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 of this Miscellany, for copious Instructions in Singing.



JESSIE THE FLOWER O' DUMBLANE.



1

She' modest as ony, an' bly the as she's bonny,
For guileless simplicity marks her its ain;
An' far be the villain, divested o' feeling
Wha'd blight in its bloom the sweet flow'r o' Dumblane.

2

Sing on thou sweet Mavis, thy hymn to the e'ening,
Thou'rt dear to the echoes o' Calderwood glen;
Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,
Is charming young Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.

3

How lost were my days till I met wi' my Jessie
The sports o' the city seem'd foolish and vain
I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my dear lassie,
Till charm'd wi' sweet Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.

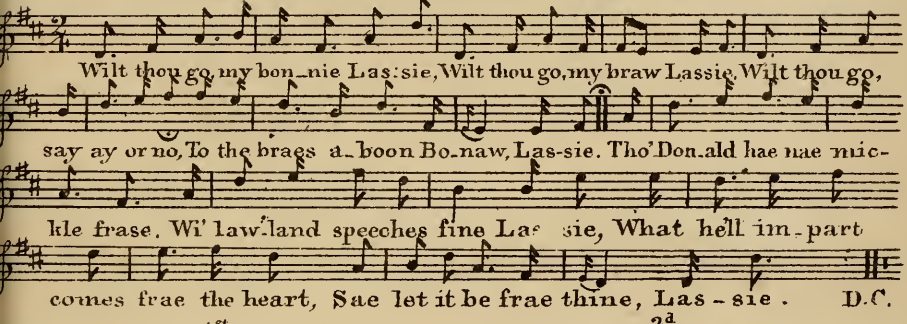
4.

Though mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur,
Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain:
An' reckon as na thing the height o' its splend
If wanting sweet Jessie the flow'r o' Dumblane.

Published daily and Sold Wholesale & Retail by R. W. Hume, Bookseller, Leith
Price One Halfpenny.

Price One Halfpenny.

THE BRAES ABOON BONAW.



1st

When simmer days cleed a' the braes
Wi' blossom'd broom, sae fine, Lassie,
At milking sheel we'll join the reel,
My flocks shall a' be thine, Lassie
Wilt thou go, &c.

2d

I'll hunt the roe, the hart, the doe,
The ptarmigan, sae sly, Lassie,
For duck and drake I'll beat the brake,
Nae want shall thee come nigh, Lassie.
Wilt thou go, &c.

3d

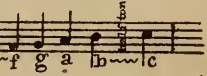
For trout and par, wi' canny care,
I'll, wiley, skim the flie, Lassie;
Wi' sic-like chear I'll please my dear,
Then come awa wi' me, Lassie.

4th

"Yes, I'll go, my bonnie Laddie,
Yes, I'll go, my braw Laddie,
Ilk joy and care, wi' thee I'll share,
'Mang the braes aboon Bonaw, Laddie."

Instructions Continued from Page 3d

it are Seven in number, and are denoted by the relative names of the first seven letters of the Alphabet A.B.C.D.E.F.G. These (notes) are written upon and in what is called a "Stave", being 5 parallel lines and their Spaces. Of these seven notes the Scale is composed, being repeated when requiring extention to form a tune, and when they necessarily go below or above the Stave, "ledger lines," such as are seen drawn through some of the notes in the scale are used. Eight of these notes, ascending or descending, make an Octave. the eighth note being both by name and sound, a repetition of the fir t though higher in pitch, and these form the complete Natural Scale. It must be observed however, that although an Octave contains eight notes, it has but five full tones and two semetones, the first semitone occurring between the 3d & 4th & the second semitone between the 7th & 8th notes, in the Octave. For instance C, being the Key note of the natural Scale, the foregoing Gamut is arranged upon that principle and so is the following Octave. .....



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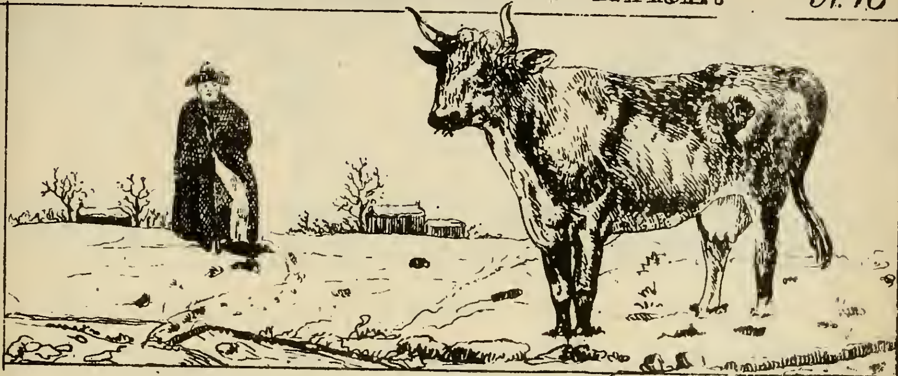
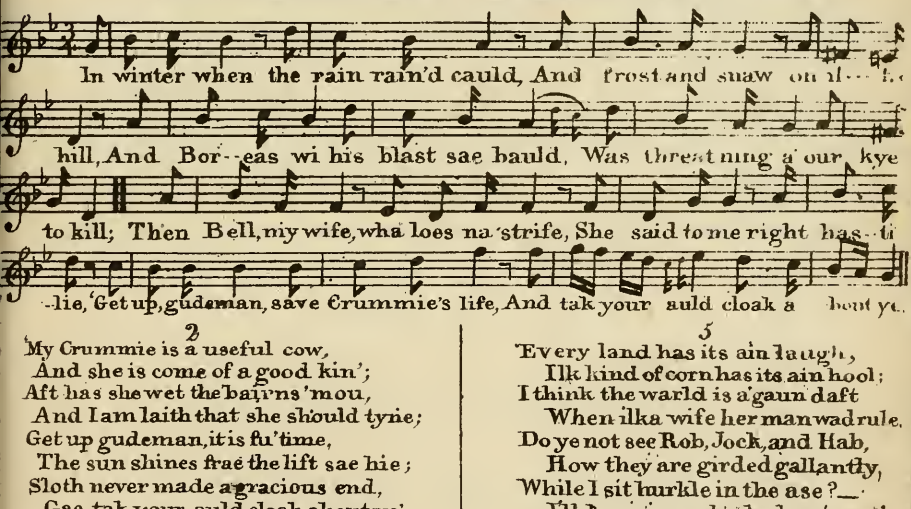
THE HALFPENNY LYRE. №16



TAK YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE.



2

'My Crummie is a useful cow,
And she is come of a good kin';
Aft has she wet the bairns 'mou,
And I am laith that she should tyne;
Get up gudeman, it is fu' time,
The sun shines frae the lift sae hie;
Sloth never made a gracious end,
Gae, tak your auld cloak about ye'.

3

'My cloak was ance a gude grey cloak,
When it was fitting for my wear;
But now it's scantly worth a groat,
For I hae worn't this thretty year.
Let's spend the gear that we hae won,
We little ken the day we'll die:
Then I'll be proud, since I hae sworn_
To hae a new cloak about me'

4

'In days when our king Robert rang,
His trews they cost but half-a-crown;
He said they were a groat owre dear,
And ca'd the tailor, thief and loun:
He was the king that wore a crown,
And thou'rt a man of laigh degree._
'Tis pride puts a the country down;
Sae tak your auld cloak about ye'

5

'Every land has its ain laugh,
Ilk kind of corn has its ain hool;
I think the warld is a'gaun daft
When ilka wife her man wad rule.
Do ye not see Rob, Jock, and Hab,
How they are girded gallantly,
While I sit hurkle in the ase?_
I'll hae a new cloak about me!'

6

'Gudeman, I wat 'tis thretty years
Since we did ane anither ken;
And we hae had atween us twa,
Of lads and bonnie lasses ten:
Now, they are women grown, and men,
I wish and pray well may they be;
And why will thou thyself misken,
E'en tak your auld cloak about ye'.

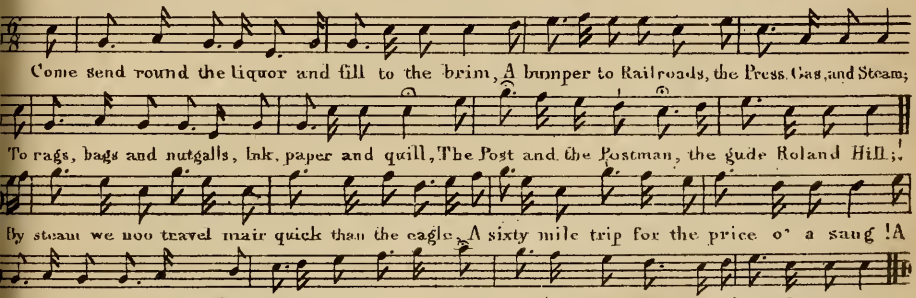
7

Bell, my wife, she loes na strife;
But she wad guide me, if she can,
And to maintain an easy life,
I aft maun yield, though I'm gudeman:
Nought's to be won at woman's han',
Unless ye gi'e her a' the plea;
Sae I'll leave aff whare I began,
And tak my auld cloak about me

Published daily (and Sold Wholesale & Retail) by R. W. Hume, Bookseller Leith.
Price One Halfpenny.

THE PENNY POST BAG. No. 1

HURRAH FOR THE POSTMAN THE GREAT ROLAND HILL.



2

The Gas bleezes brightly, you witness it nightly,
Our Ancestors lived mico lang in the dark;
Their wisdom was folly, their sense melancholy!
When compared wi' sic wonderfu' modern wark. *Then send &c.*

3.

Neist o' rags, bags and size then, let no one despise then,
Without them whar wad a' our paper come frae,
The dark flood o' Ink too, I'm given to think too,
Could as ill be wanted at this time o' day. *Come send &c.*

4.

The quill it's a queer thing, a cheap and a dear thing,
A weak looking object, but gude kens how strang,
Sometimes it is ceevil, sometimes it's the deevil,
Tak teut when you touch it, you had nae it wrang. *Then send &c.*

5.

The Press I'll next mention, a noble invention,
The great mental cook with resources so vast;
It spreads on bright pages the knowledge o' ages,
And tells to the future the things of the past. *Then send &c.*

6.

Hech, Sirs! but its awfu', (but ne'er mind its lawfu')
To saddle the Postman wi' sic meikle bags;
Wi' epistles and sonnets, love billets and groan-ets,
Ye'll tear the poor Postie to shivers and rags. *Then send &c.*

7.

Noo Jock sends to Jenny, it costs but ae penny,
A screed that has near broke the Dictionar's back,
Fu' o' dove-in' and dear-in', and "thoughts" on the shearin'!!
Nae need noo o' whisp'rin' ayont a wheat stack. *Then send &c.*

8.

Auld drivers were lazy, their mail coaches crazy,
At ilk Public Housie they stopt for a gill;
But noo at the gallop, cheap mail-bags maun wallop,
Hurrah for our Postman, the great Roland Hill. *Then send &c.*

Published by [Price One halfpenny.] *R. W. Hume 57, Shore, Leith.*

X

46

THE HIGHWAYMAN.

A Ballad.

With the Original music,

AS SUNG TO CROWDED AUDIENCES,

By

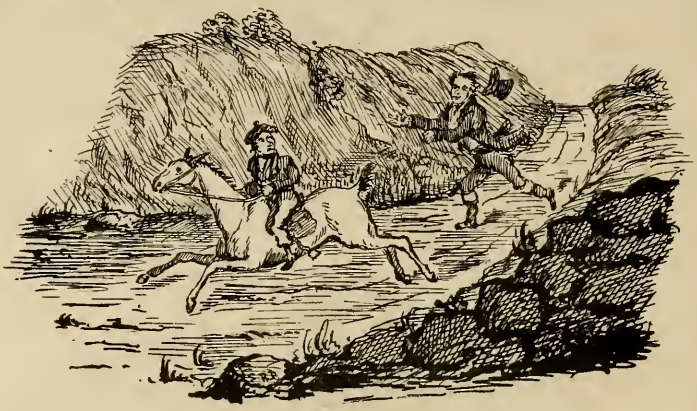
Freeze me on thee, John Barleycorn,
Thou king o' grain!

LEITH.

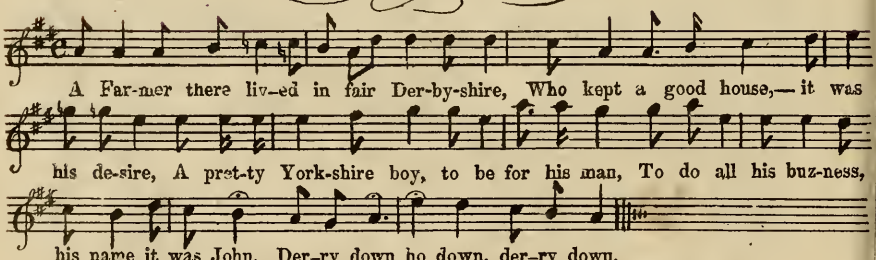
PUBLISHED AT LAPICIDE LANE,

BY THE AUTHOR and SOLD BY
ALL
BOOKSELLERS.

Price One Halfpenny.



THE HIGHWAYMAN.



One day he called to him, and thus he did say,
"My pretty man, John, give attention I pray:-
"You must take the Cow this day to the fair,
"For she is in good order, & her I can spare."-
Derry down &c.

The boy went away with the Cow in a Band,-
And came to the Fair, as we understand;
And when he got there, he met three men,
And he sold them the Cow, for £6 10.
Derry down &c.

They went to an alehouse, and called for some drink,
The men then paid the Boy down the chink;
He called to the Landlady, and thus he did say,
"Oh; what shall I do with my money, I pray."
Derry down &c.

"I'll sew it within thy coat lining," quo she,
"For fear, on the Road, you robbed should be."
This heard a highwayman, who was drinking Wine,
And who said to himself, "all the money is mine!"

Derry down &c

The boy went away, and homeward did go;
The highwayman followed him after, also,
And soon overtook him upon the highway,
"Oh! well overtaken, young man," he did say.

Derry down &c

"Will you get up behind me?" the highwayman said,
"How far go you this way?" he then asked the lad,
"Some two or three miles further, for ought I do know;"
So he got up behind him and away they did go.

Derry down &c

They rode thus untill they came to a glen,
The highwayman then said, "I must needs tell thee plain,
"Deliver your money without any strife,
"Or else I will take it with thy sweet life."

Derry down &c

The boy without fear, & void of remorse,
Instantly jumped from the highwaymans horse;
He tore his coat lining, the money pulled out,
And, amongst the long grass, he strewed it about.

Derry down &c

The highwayman, instantly, jumped from his horse,
But little did he think it was to his loss;
Before he could find all the money, they say,
The boy got on horseback, and galloped away.

Derry down &c

John coming on horseback, his master did spy,
While he was looking from a window that was high,
He ran down stairs, and cried with a curse,
"What the devil!—has my cow turned into a horse"

Derry down &c

"Oh! no, my good master, your cow I well sold,
"I was robbed on the road by a highwayman so bold,
"And while he was putting the money in his purse,
"To make you amends, I came off with his horse."

Derry down &c

The saddle bags were opened, the money was told,
"Three hundred pounds, of silver and gold.
"A brace of horse pistols," the boy cried I vow,
"So, I think, my good master, I've sold well your cow."

Derry down &c

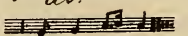
The boy for his valour & courage. so rare,
Three fourths of the money he got for his share,
Now, since the highwayman has lost all his store,
He may e'en go rob untill he finds more.

Derry down &c

The only individual we ever heard sing this ditty is an old denizen of Leith, well known in the Northern district, particularly amongst the Urchins of the lower classes. The prominent feature of his character is his inordinate love of Whiskey to which he has paid devoted adoration, ever since he was fifteen years of age. His musical powers are by no means first rate, but what he lacks in vocal melody is amply compensated in loud and long vociferations, especially when he has been doing homage at the shrine of the stoup, under the influence of which he is generally four days out of seven. When able, he delights to take a country ride on one of his Arabians, (Caddies) but the long eared quadruped, displaying more sense than his rider, may be seen galloping homewards, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his elevated, and enfuriated master; and, not unfrequently, the same animal is employed in carrying him home, in a coal cart, surrounded by a host of noisy juvenile attendants, who cease not to molest the scarcely conscious subject of their mirth, but he,

"Ov a' the ills o' life victorious,"

is far beyond the reach of their annoyance, and being coupit frae his carriage, is safely deposited at



his ain fireside.

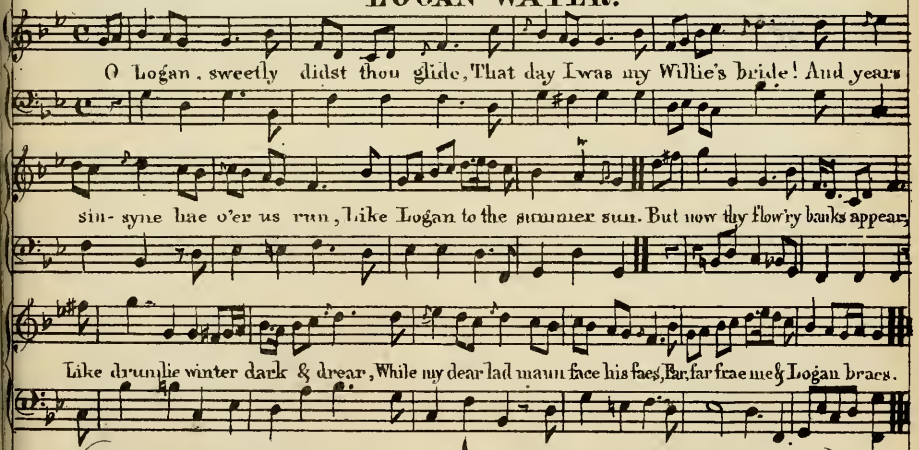
The Lyre. *No. 66.*

A Guid New-year I wish thee,
Maggie!
Hae, there's a ripp to thy
auld baggie;
Tho' thou's howe-backit now
an' knaggie.
I've seen the day,
Thou could hae gaen
like onie staggie,
Out owre the lay.

Tho' now thou's dowie,
stiff, and crazy,
An' thy auld hide's as
white's a daisy,
I've seen thee dappl't,
sleek, an' glaizie,
A bonnie grey.
He should been tight that
daur't to raise thee,
Ance in a day.

Illustration of Burns' Auld Farmer's Salutation to his auld Mare Maggie.

LOGAN WATER.



2nd Verse.

Again the merry month o' May
Has made our hills and valleys gay;
The birds rejoice in leafy bowers,
The bees hum round the breathing flowers:
Blythe morning lifts his rosy eye,
And evening's tears are tears of joy
My soul, delightless, a' surveys,
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

3rd Verse.

Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush,
Among her nestlings, sits the thrush;
Her faithfu' mate will share her toil,
Or wi' his song her cares beguile:
But I wi' my sweet nurslings here,
Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer;
Pass widow'd nights and joyless days,
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

4th Verse.

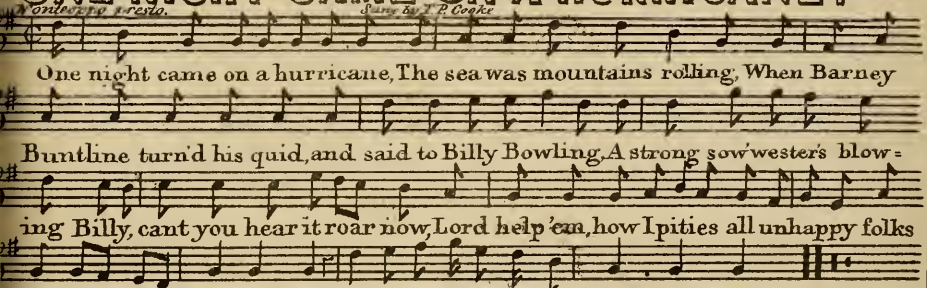
O wae upon you, men o' state,
That brethren rouse to deadly hate;
As ye make mony a fond heart mourn
Sae may it on your heads return!
How can your flinty hearts enjoy
The widow's tears, the orphan's cry?
But soon may peace bring happy days,
And Willie, hame to Logan braes.

Published by R. W. Hume, Stationer, 57, Shore.
LEITH.

Price One Halfpenny.

ONE NIGHT CAME ON A HURRICANE.

Moderato e presto. Sung by T. P. Cooke



2.d

Fool-hardy chaps as live in towns,
What dangers they are all in!
And now they're quaking in their beds
For fear the roof should fall in,
Poor creatures, how they envies us,
And wishes, I've a notion,
For our good luck in such a storm,
To be upon the ocean.
Bow wow, wow,
Fal-lal-de riddy-tiddy, bow, wow, wow.

3.d

Then as to them kept out all day
On business from their houses,
And late at night are walking home
To cheer their babes and spouses,
While you and I upon the deck
Are comfortably lying
My eyes! what tiles and chimney pots
About their heads are flying!
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

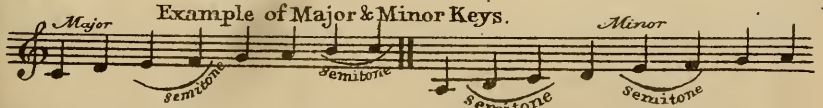
4.th

And often have we seamen heard
How men are killed or undone,
By overturns in carriages,
And thieves and fires in London;

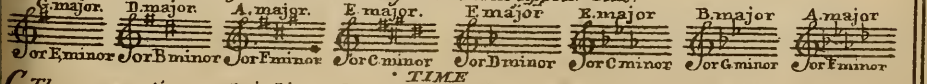
We've heard what risks all landsmen run,
From noblemen to tailors —
So Billy, let's thank Providence
That you and I are Sailors.
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

Continued from No. 6
sixth notes, the third note being but one and a half tone, instead of two tones, from the Key note as in the Major.

Example of Major & Minor Keys.



These are natural Keys, Others are artificial, and require flats or sharps at the beginning of the stave to express them. They are termed the signature and appear thus.



TIME

C. The common time mode, indicates that there are in every measure four Crotchets or their equevalent which are to be performed slow ℂ Quick common time, 2/4 shews two Crotchets in a Measure and

Contin.d in No. 8

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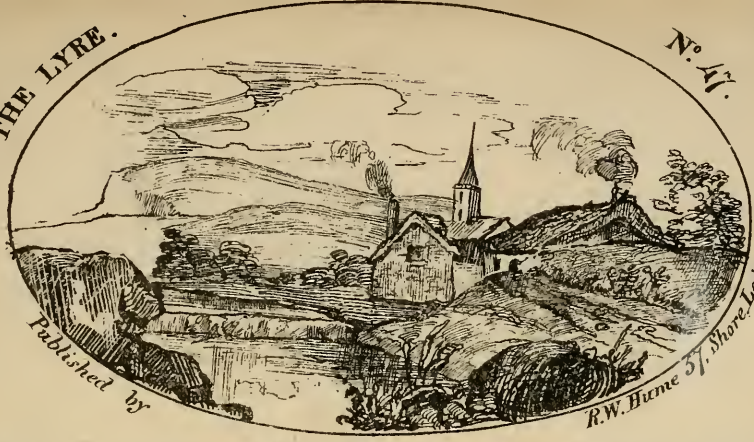
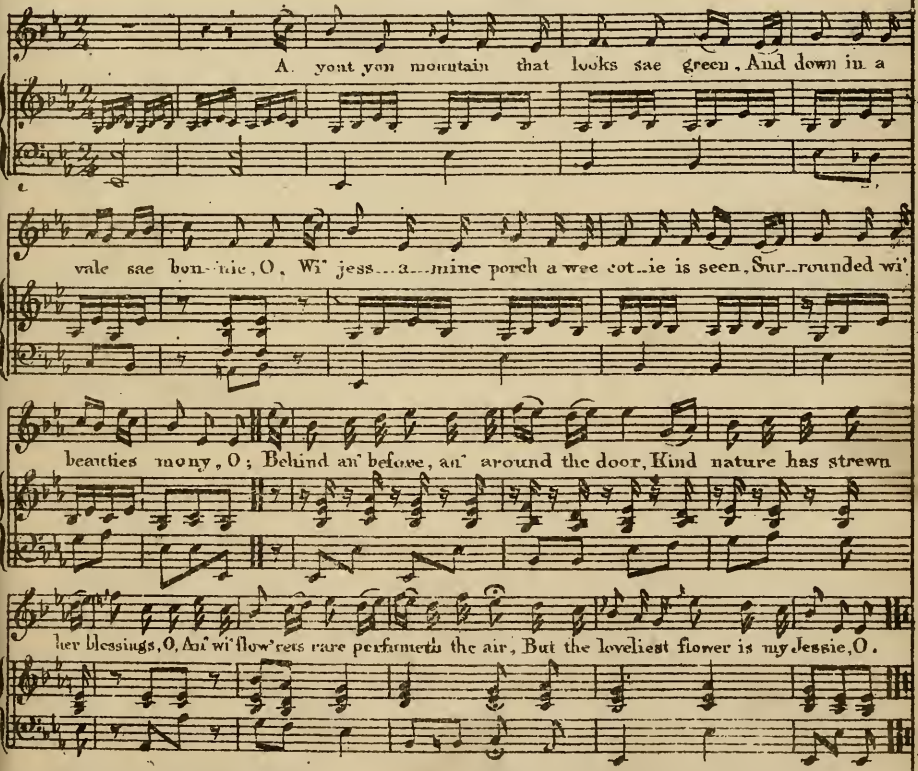


AYON'T YON MOUN'TAIN THAT LOOKS SAE GREEN.



O kind is her daddy, an' happy to see,
(When the sun's gaue ahint the craigie, O,)
My bannet glintin' owre the lea
An' down by the rustic briggie, O.
An' blithe is her mammy when spreadin' the board
Wi' the supper sae clean and sae cheerie, O,
But happier an' kinder an' blyther than a'
Is the smile an' the glance o' my dearie, O.

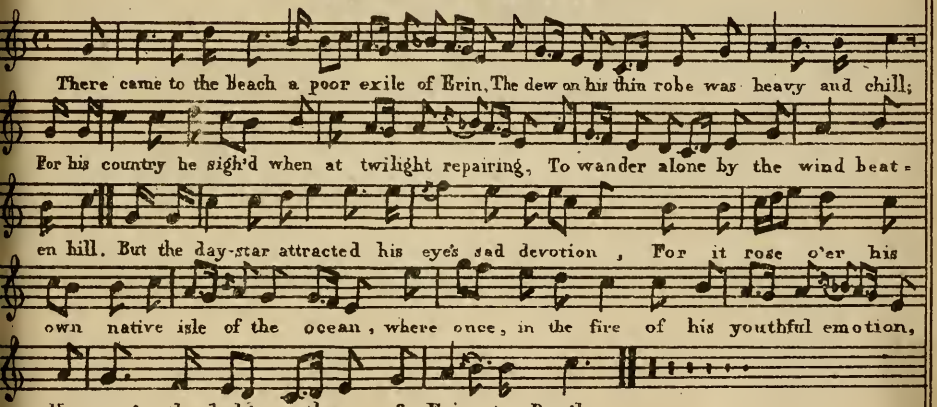
O fortune be kind, an' down in the glen,
Wi' the burnie rinnin' by the end o't, O,
Bestow me a cot wi' a but an' a ben,
An' an acre or twa around it, O;
An' send me an income sufficient to scare
Pale want frae the door o' my housie, O,
Then farewell the world, its toils an' its cares,
An' welcome love an' my Lassie O.

Price One halfpenny.

See Nos. 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 of this Miscellany, for copious Instructions in Singing.

THE LYRE. *N°52.*

ERIN GO BRAGH.



Oh! sad is my fate, said the heart-broken stranger,
The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee;
But I have no refuge from famine and danger,
A home and a country remain not for me.
Ah! never again in the green shady bowers,
Where my forefathers lived shall I spend the sweet hours,
Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers
And strike the sweet numbers of Erin go Bragh.

Oh, Erin, my country! though sad and forsaken,
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;
But, alas! in a far foreign land I awaken,
And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more!
Ah, cruel fate! wilt thou never replace me
In a mansion of peace where no perils can chase me;
Ah! never again shall my brothers embrace me,
They died to defend me, or live to deplore.

Where is the cabin-door, fast by the wild wood?
Sisters and sire did you weep for its fall?
Where is the mother that look'd on my childhood?
And where is my bosom friend, dearer than all?
Ah, my sad soul! long abandoned by pleasure,
Why dost thou doat on a fast fading treasure,
Tears, like the rain drops, may fall without measure,
But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

But yet all its fond recollections suppressing,
One dying wish my fond bosom shall draw;
Erin, an exile bequeaths thee his blessing,
Land of my forefathers — Erin go Bragh!
Buried and cold, when my heart stills its motion,
Green be thy fields, sweetest Isle of the ocean.
And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion
Erin mavourneen, Erin go Bragh!

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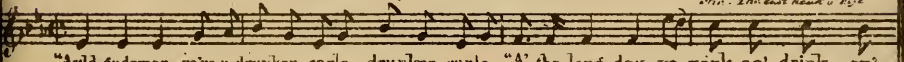
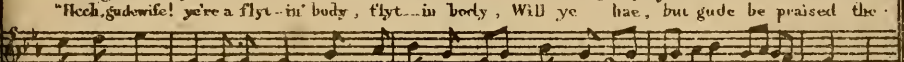
AULD GUDEMAN, YE'RE A DRUNKEN CARLE.

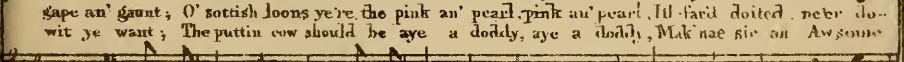
Air.—The cant news o' Fife



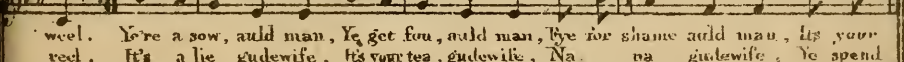
"Auld gudeman, ye're a drunken carle, drunken carle, "A' the long day ye wink an' drink, an'
"Hech, gudewife! ye're a flyt-in' body, flyt-in body, Will ye hae, but gude be praised the



gape an' gaunt; O' sottish loons ye're the pink an' pearl, pink an' pearl, Ill-fard doited, never do-
wit ye want; The puttin cow should be aye a doddy, aye a doddy, Mak' nae sic an Awsome



weel. Ye're a sow, auld man, Ye get fou, auld man, Eye for shame auld man, Its your
reel. It's a lie gudewife, It's your tea, gudewife, Na na gudewife, Ye spend



blame, auld man, Pinch'd I win, wi' spinnin' tow, A plack to cleed your back and pow.
a' gude-wife. Din-na fa' on me pell-mell, Ye like 'the drap fa' weel your sel'.

"Ye's rue, auld gowk, your jest an' frolick, jest an' frolick. Dare ye say, goose, I ever lik'd to tak' a drappy?
"An' 'twerena just for to cure the cholic, cure the cholic, Deil a drap wad weet my mou'.

"Troth, gudewife, and ye wadna swither, wadna swither, Soon, soon to tak' a cholic, when it brings a drap o' cappy.
"But twa score years we hae fought the-gither, fought the-gither, Time it is to gree, I trow.

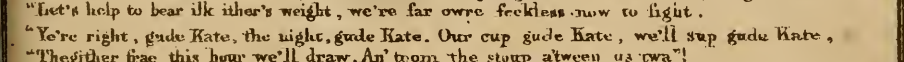
"I'm wrang, auld John,—owre lang, auld John, For nought, gude John, we hae fought, gude John,
"Let's help to bear ilk ither's weight, we're far owre freckless now to fight.

"Ye're right, gude Kate, the night, gude Kate. Our cup gude Kate, we'll sup gude Kate,
"Thegither frae this hour we'll draw, An' toom the stoup a'tween us twa".

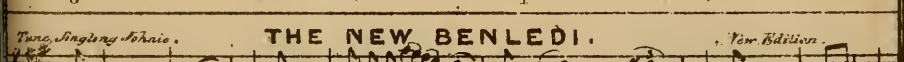
Tune, Singing Johnie.

THE NEW BENLEDI.

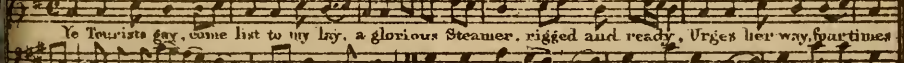
New Edition.



Ye Tourists gay, come list to my lay, a glorious Steamer, rigged and ready, Urges her way, four times



a day to Kirkaldy bay the New Benledi. In days of yore, 'twas quite a bore, They tugg'd at the oar



with hands unsteady, Four hours and more to the Fifan Shore, How very unlike the New Benledi.

If during a gale, they hoisted sail,
The vile Cockle shell made Passengers giddy,
And the sea spray fell, on beau and belle,
'Tis otherwise now in the New Benledi.
But this sweet sea flower, thro' storm and shower,
In half an hour so neat and tidy;
Can cross the Forth, either south or north,
And no mistake with the New Benledi.

I've read in my youth (tho' doubting its truth)
Of Great Cleopatra's *golden* gallies;
With their silken sails, spread to perfumed gales,
But here we've a floating *iron* palace.
And I've been in a craft, when the wind was aft,
Who sail'd like daft, if the gale was steady:
But this craft can fly, tho' the gale be high,
In the very winds eye, the New Benledi.

If A— G— were worth his wig, He'd never rest till he had a dozen,
Of such like ships, for pleasure trips, Then he needna "*Gi' the King his Cousin*".
Long life I ween, to our beauteous Queen, May she reign o'er a people loyal and steady;
And long may the Forth, the pride of the north, Be cross'd by that Gem the New Benledi.

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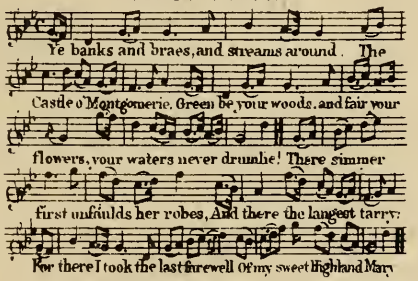
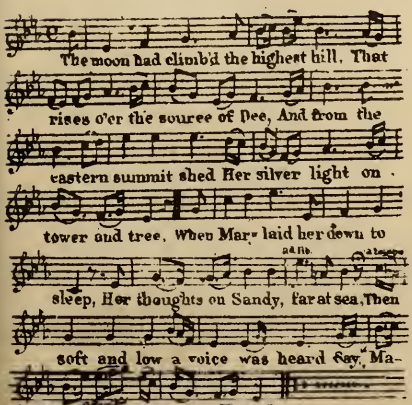
HIGHLAND MARY.



But ah! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green's the sod, and cauld the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!
And mouldering now in silent dust,
That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

MARY'S DREAM.



She from the pillow gently rais'd
Her head, to ask who there might be,
She saw young Sandy shiv'ring stand,
With visage pale, and hollow ee,
"O Mary dear, cold is my clay!
It lies beneath a stormy sea.
Far, far from thee I sleep in death;
So, Mary weep no more for me."

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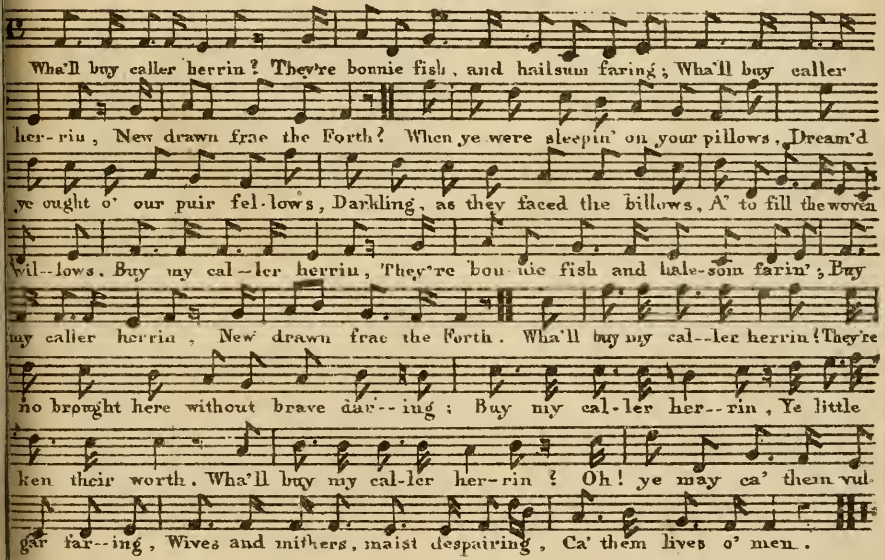
THE LYRE N°55

CALLER HERRIN'.



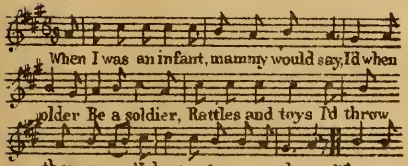
Wha'll buy caller herrin'?
Bonnie fish and halesom farin'.
Wha'll buy caller herrin',
Haul'd thro' wind and rain?
A' our lads at herrin' fishin',
Costly vampum, dinner dressin',
Sole nor Turbot, how distressin',
Fine folks scorn shoals o' blessin'.
Wha'll buy caller herrin'?
Ye may ca' them vulgar farin';
Buy my caller herrin'
Haul'd thro' wind and rain.
Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?
What they've cost ye're little carin';
Buy my caller herrin,
Aye the puir man's friend.
Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?
What they've cost ye're little carin';
Siller canna pay
For the lives o' honest men.

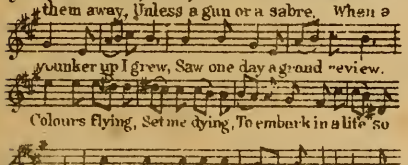
Wha'll buy caller herrin'? &c.
When the creel o' herrin' passes,
Ladies, clad in silks and laces,
Gather in their braw pelisses,
Cast their heads, and screw their faces.
Wha'll buy caller herrin'? &c.

Wha'll by caller herrin'? &c.
Caller herrin's no to lightlie,
Ye can trip the spring tu' tightlie,
Spite o' tauntin', flauntin', flingin',
Gow has set you a' a singin'.
Wha'll buy caller herrin'? &c.

Wha'll buy caller herrin'? &c.
Neibour wives, now tent my tellin',
When the bonnie fish ye're sellin',
At a word aye be your dealing,
Truth will stand when a' thing's
failin'.
Wha'll buy caller herrin'? &c.

WHEN I WAS AN INFANT.



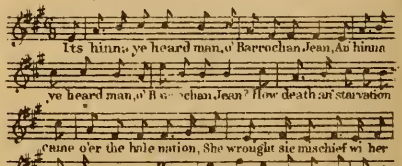


Listed – to battle I marched along,
Courting danger,
Fear a stranger.
The cannon beat time to the trumpets song.
And made my heart a hero's.
Charge! the gallant leader cries,
On like lions then we fly,
Blood and thunder,
Foes knock under,
Then huzza! for a victory!
Roll drums merrily, &c.

Who so merry as we in camp?
Battle over,
Live in clover,

Care and his cronies are forced to tramp.
And all is social pleasure.
Then we laugh, we quaff, we sing,
Time goes gaily on the wing,
Smiles of beauty,
Sweeten duty.
And each private is a king.
Roll drums merrily, &c.

BARROCHAN JEAN.

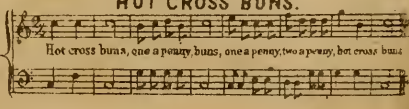


Frae the south and the north, o'er the Tweed and the Forth,
Sic coming and ganging there never was seen;
The comers were cheery, the gangers were bleary,
Despairing or hoping for Barrochan Jean.
The carlins at home were a' girning and graining,
The bairns were a greeting frae morning till e'en;
They gat nought for crowdie but runts hoild to sowdie,
For naething gat growing for Barrochan Jean.

The doctors declared, it was past their describing;
The ministers said 'twas a judgment for sin;
But they lookit sae blae, and their hearts were sae wae,
I was sure they were dying for Barrochan Jean.
The burns on road-sides were a' dry wi their drinking,
Yet a' wadna sloken the drouth i' their skin;
A' around the peat-stacks, an' against the dyke-backs
E'en the winds were a sighing "sweet Barrochan Jean.

The timmer ran dune wi' the making o' coffins,
Kirkyards o' their swaird were a' howkit fu' clean:
Dead lovers were packit like herring in barrels,
Sic thousands were dying for Barrochan Jean.
But mony braw thanks to the Laird o' Glenbrodie
The grass o'er their graffs is now bonnie and green
He staw the proud heart o' our wanton young lady,
And spoild a' the charms o' her twa pawky een.

HOT CROSS BUNS.



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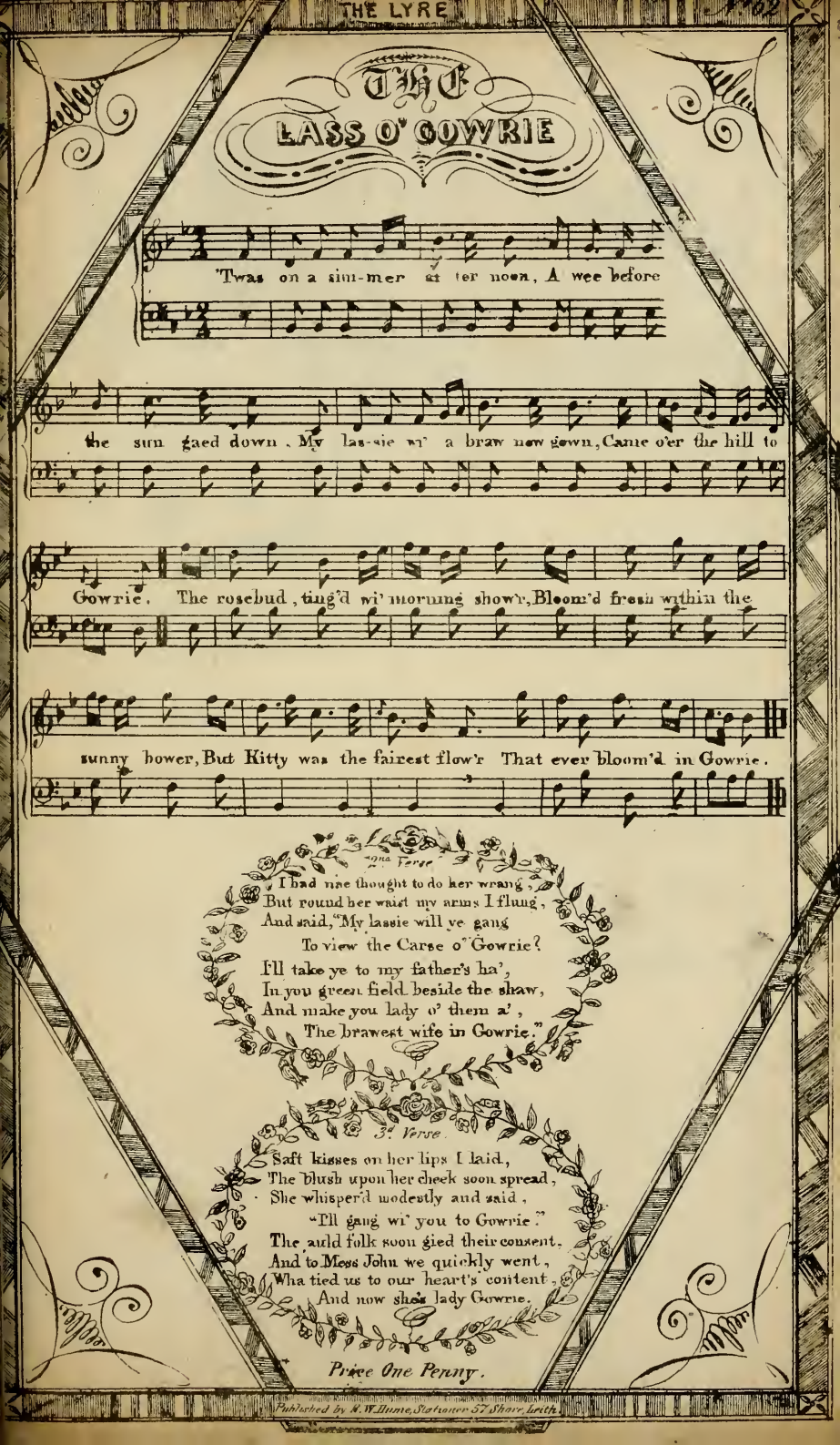
THE LASS O' GOWRIE



Price One Penny.

Published by N. Blume, Stationer 57 Shore, Leith.

WHA WADNA FECHT FOR CHARLIE.

Chorus.

Wha wadna fecht for Charlie? Wha wadna draw the sword? Wha wadna up and rally, At their Royal Prince's word? Think on Scotia's ancient heroes, Think on foreign foes repell'd; Think on glorious Bruce and Wallace, Wha the proud usurpers quell'd.

2

Rouse, rouse, ye kilted warriors;
Rouse ye heroes of the north;
Rouse, and join your chieftain's banners,
'Tis your Prince that leads you forth,
Wha wadna fecht, &c.

3

Shall we basely crouch to tyrants?
Shall we own a foreign sway?
Shall a royal Stuart be banish'd,
While a stranger rules the day,
Wha wadna fecht &c.

4

See the northern clans advancing!
See Glengary and Lochiel!
See the brandish'd broad sword's glancing.
Highland hearts are true as steel!
Wha wadna fecht, &c.

5

Now our prince has reared his banners.
Now triumphant is our cause;
Now the Scottish lion rallies.
Let us strike for prince and laws.
Wha wadna fecht, &c.

Published by R. W. Hume, 52, Shore, LEITH.

X

MY BARK DOST THOU LONG TO BE FREE.

A NAUTICAL SONG.

Words by

R. GILFILLAN.

MUSIC. WITH PIANOFORTE ACCOMPANIMENTS

By

R. TEVENDALE.

LEITH.

Robert W. Hume.

Price 1s.

O MY BARK, DOST THOU LONG TO BE FREE!

Andante

p

Con Espress.

p

O my Bark, dost thou long to be free! That thou chaf'st thus thy keel on the strand

Then a-way! for I love to career it with thee. Far a-way, far a-way from the land. Far a-

ad lib.

way, far a-way from the land. Far a-way, far a-way from the land.

We shall traverse where nought meets the eye, save the green wave or

p

high flashing spray. We shall traverse where nought meets the eye; Save the

green wave or high flashing spray, With no sound save the wild wheeling sea bird's

lone cry, Screaming welcome to us on our way. With no sound save the wild wheeling

ritard ad lib.

sea bird's lone cry, Screaming welcome to us on our way, Screaming welcome

ritard

to us on our way

Let us haste, for the light breeze is near,
That shall waft us o'er yon summer sea
By the sun bright and clear, our wild course we shall steer
And the stars our night compass shall be;
Then away! my swift Bark, o'er the deep,
Bound along o'er the vast rolling main,
Like an eagle across the broad wave shall thou sweep,
And return to thine eyry again.

O! I dream'd in my night troubled sleep,
That our lored ocean wandrings were o'er,
Unheeded I sank in the dark stormy deep,
And thou lay a frail wreck on the shore;-
But away with such visions as these!
When thy true helm I thus grasp again,
Thou art leaving behind thee thy track on the seas,
And our home is the far distant main.